



UNIVERSITY OF  
ILLINOIS LIBRARY  
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN  
BOOKSTACKS

1875  
1876  
1877  
1878  
1879  
1880  
1881  
1882  
1883  
1884  
1885  
1886  
1887  
1888  
1889  
1890  
1891  
1892  
1893  
1894  
1895  
1896  
1897  
1898  
1899  
1900





J U L I E ;

OR,

LOVE AND DUTY.

BY

EMILIE FLYGARE CARLÉN,

AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE OF TISLETON," ETC.

LONDON :

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1854.

PRINTED BY HARRISON AND SONS,  
LONDON GAZETTE OFFICE, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

839.73

C19j:E

## CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE DOCTOR'S VISIT . . . .	1
II. REFLECTIONS—ARRANGEMENTS FOR, AND COMMENCEMENT OF, A PARTY OF PLEASURE . .	13
III. THE MEETING—THE BALL . . . .	27
IV. HIOBSSTATION — FRUSTRATED HOPES — THE LAST WILL . . . . .	45
V. EXCHANGING RINGS . . . . .	59
VI. NEW ACQUAINTANCES AND CRITICAL NEWS . .	73
VII. THE RETURN, AND ITS NECESSARY CONSEQUENCES . . . . .	93
VIII. JULIE—FATE—FRIGHT AND CONFUSION . .	111
IX. STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE HOUSE, AND THE CAPTAIN'S INTRODUCTION . . . .	128
X. WE RETURN AGAIN TO WALDEMAR, AND ACCOMPANY HIM TO A SOIREE AT THE HOUSE OF THE BURGOMASTER . . . . .	145
XI. POTPOURRI . . . . .	162
XII. AN INCONVENIENT SURPRISE . . . .	175
XIII. THE DRIVE TO THE WEDDING—FIRST ACT	188
XIV. THE SECOND ACT OF THE MARRIAGE . . .	202

General Ray 24 Apr 52 Chicago

CHAPTER	PAGE
XV. THE MORNING AFTER THE WEDDING ; OR THE THIRD ACT, IN WHICH THE REVOLUTION BREAKS OUT . . . . .	219
XVI. HURRAH ! HURRAH ! WAVE HATS IN THE AIR	236
XVII. THE EXAMINATION . . . . .	248
XVIII. REFLECTION, JOY, SURPRISE, SORROW, DIFFI- CULTIES, AND ALL SORTS OF GOOD AND EVIL, WHICH HAPPEN IN THIS WORLD . . . . .	264
XIX. RETROSPECT . . . . .	280
XX. CONTINUATION OF THE ABOVE . . . . .	296
XXI. A FAMILY SCENE—MEETING—AND CONCLUSION	315

# JULIE;

OR,

## LOVE AND DUTY.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

OUTSIDE the northern gate of the town of W—— stands a small house, painted yellow, and surrounded by a pretty shrubbery.

One evening, about the end of January 1828, Widow von Horst, the owner of this house, sat in her comfortable armchair before the blazing fire. Her feet rested upon a stuffed stool, and upon her knees lay, in the happiest union, her work-box, spectacles, and knitting. The room was not what one would now call elegant, the painting on the walls was faded, and the furniture appeared to have

seen its best days, some eighteen or twenty years before ; however the chairs and sofas were all stuffed, according to the good old fashion, with horsehair, and covered with damask. Those who attentively examined the fine material of the curtains might easily see that what, at a hasty survey, appeared to be new flowers upon old stuff, was simply the holes caused by increasing age, which were skilfully joined and hidden.

Between two large mirrors, under which stood gilded console tables with marble slabs, hung the portrait of the late Captain von Horst, and also those of his two deceased sons. Everything here spoke of better days, long passed away ; but there pervaded over the whole a tone of order and quiet cheerfulness, which made this residence extremely comfortable for the few friends with whom Mrs. von Horst associated.

Mrs. von Horst was a lady who knew how to retain, even in her days of adversity, a certain dignity of demeanour which well became her ; and many asserted that they could remember that few ladies knew how to

appear at table, or to enter a drawing-room, with more grace than Mrs. von Horst at the time when she and her husband mixed in the gay world. But for more than ten years she had led her present quiet life. This change of fortune had tried Mrs. von Horst in the highest degree. The death of her husband and of her two sons followed close upon each other. Her husband had not left his affairs in a good state, and a scanty pension, with the small house and grounds, were all that remained to her. She was, however, cheerful under her afflictions, for she had still one child left. This one treasure was an amiable daughter of eighteen years of age, who now constituted her pride and her hope.

“Marie,” said the mother, again taking up her knitting, and casting a glance at the side of the room where the engaging girl—the sweetest and most lovely of beings—sat at a table, with her small head resting upon one hand, whilst with the other she thoughtfully turned over the leaves of a book, from which she was reading aloud. At the well-known voice she raised her beautiful dark blue eyes,



but, as if by an involuntary impulse, they glided over the clock before they reached her mother. Hastily she cast them down, and whispered scarcely audibly—

“Did you call, mamma?”

“Yes, my child,” continued Mrs. von Horst. “I wished to ask you why you read so indistinctly this evening. I think you had better sit nearer to me.”

“Oh! it is impossible for me to read near the stove, on account of the heat,” answered Marie, quickly, and recommencing her occupation with a slight cough in order to clear her voice. She continued reading until nearly a quarter to six o’clock, but then closed the book, and exclaimed in an uneasy tone, as she rose—

“How very strange it is! Klein generally comes at five o’clock, and it is now a quarter to six!”

“What do you find so strange in this, Marie?” asked her mother, in that quiet and indifferent tone which, whether it be natural or assumed, so well restores the equilibrium in the train of thought of her who, upon the

impulse of the moment, gives utterance to something which she would rather should not be understood. But Marie was too inexperienced, and too innocent, to be able to avail herself of this ; she became embarrassed at her sudden agitation, and it was only after she had resumed her seat, that she answered as calmly as she could—

“The Doctor is generally very exact to his time !”

It is an uncontested truth, that all should, from various causes, be exact as to time ; but Mrs. von Horst had too much tact on this occasion either to see or to wish to see more than what she displayed to Marie.

“I should not be in the least surprised,” said she, “if Klein, who, on account of his enlarged practice, must economise his time very much, discontinues his visits to us, as it is now several weeks since he declared me out of all danger. To come here three evenings in the week is a kindness which he cannot continue much longer, and which we also should be asking too much to desire.”

As Marie did not answer, she continued—

“And besides I don’t wish it; and to say the truth, I am very happy to be at last able to settle accounts with our good Doctor.”

“It appears to me, dear mamma, that he would feel offended if you were to offer him money for the tender care which he took of you during your illness,” stammered Marie, troubled at her audacity at saying a word in objection to her mother’s determination.

“I don’t see anything insulting in it, my child. Such false shame on the part of the patient would be of little benefit to the physician; and according to my ideas, it is only ——” Here Mrs. von Horst stopped short, for in the anteroom a step was heard, and the well-known sound of taking off galoshes, warned them quickly to change the conversation.

“Prepare the tea, Marie! I have something to say to the Doctor.”

The daughter had hardly received this short command and withdrawn by one door, when another opened, and Doctor Klein, whom we have the honour to announce as our hero, entered.

He was a tall man of interesting appearance and dignified demeanour, with mild pleasant features, and an expression of seriousness and kindness upon his open brow.

“Good evening, my dear madam,” said he, with the familiar cordiality of an intimate acquaintance, as after a slight but respectful salutation, he took a chair near the hostess.

“I am late this evening; but the arrangements for a pleasure party which has been fixed for to-morrow detained me. I hope your health is improving.”

A speaking glance at the empty place by the little table was just as good as a question; but Mrs. von Horst seemed not to have observed it, and eagerly answered the first inquiry.

“Yes, thanks to God and your care, Doctor, I may say that I have not felt myself so well for many years, and therefore I really hope you will allow me to leave off all medicine.”

“Do you then class my continued visits under the head of medicine?” said Klein jestingly, “you have already ceased several

weeks ago taking what I prescribed for you."

"Oh! Doctor Klein," she answered in some embarrassment; "I mean the Peruvian bark which I still take."

"That you may leave off as soon as your strength is quite restored. But forgive me the question, is the young lady not visible this evening?"

"She is occupied with some little household affairs," was the mamma's excuse. "Marie will soon be here. In the meantime I have something to say to you."

The Doctor, who was just about to repair to the other end of the room, was obliged to reseate himself at this invitation.

Mrs. von Horst coughed two or three times, then rising, she went to a writing-desk, took something out of it, and returned to her seat.

"My good Doctor," she began, with the most marked expression of gratitude in her tone, "I am ashamed that I have not sooner been able to pay that part of my debt, which ought long ago to have been in your hands. As to the other part, my gratitude for what

you have done for us during this trying time, I know that this never can be repaid, nor even expressed, but only felt."

After this preparatory introduction, which according to Mrs. von Horst's way of thinking was a *non plus ultra* of delicacy, she delivered over to Klein a folded paper, with the certainty that he would find the sum which it contained very liberal for her circumstances; and therefore she cast her eyes down in order that she might not see his surprise. But as the Doctor stretched out his hand to take up something at her side, she could not resist looking up, and the glance which there met hers, expressed almost everything else but satisfaction.

A long unpleasant silence succeeded.

Klein distinctly saw that Mrs. von Horst wished to make use of the Doctor's fee only as a convenient pretext to let him know he might discontinue his visits. He required a few minutes to recover himself after such a surprise.

He had opened the paper with uneasiness and astonishment, but when the bank notes



met his view, he let them fall upon the ground, amazed; and it was at this moment that he and Mrs. von Horst saw deeper into each other's thoughts and motives of action than before. She, on her part, found by the single glance which they exchanged that she had committed a great mistake; and that it would have been better to have let the affair take its own course, "but," replied the motherly foresight, "who can venture to risk the happiness of an only and beloved child upon the possibility of such uncertain hopes? I am curious to see how it will end; this silence must be broken at last."

"Gracious lady! I cannot for two reasons take this money. First, because my attention during, and after your illness, was not of that kind for which a physician will receive a fee as requital for his trouble; secondly, because I perceive that you intend in this way to gain an end, for which, excuse my frankness, you might have chosen a less mortifying means."

He made a cold, stiff bow, and took his hat.

"But what in the world are you thinking



of, my dear Doctor!" cried Mrs. von Horst, with such a natural air of astonishment that Klein could not help putting his hand in the one offered to him.

"We must not separate in this manner," said she kindly, "although I do not quite understand the delicacy of the young people of the present time, yet I will not speak again about the money. I perceive that Marie was right when she said, an hour ago, that I should give you offence by offering it."

"Did she really say so?" asked Klein, who could not resist pressing the hand which he held in his.

"Yes, she understood the matter better," continued the mamma; "and you, Doctor, if you will remain in future, as up to this time, a friend to our poor house, permit me to go and tell Marie to make haste with the tea."

Klein reflected a few moments, and too much inclined to the reconciliation himself, he said—

"Well, I will forget all, for I feel that I cannot resist the agreeable *entrée* to your house."

Mrs. von Horst nodded kindly to her guest, and disappeared.

“Woman—woman! artful as you are,” he murmured to himself, “I have seen through you. Well! that was a trying hour, but it is better as it now is!”

## CHAPTER II.

REFLECTIONS—ARRANGEMENTS FOR, AND COMMENCEMENT OF,  
A PARTY OF PLEASURE.

THE door was now opened and a little maiden, holding a tray, entered. She set it on the table, made a curtsy to the Doctor, and after snuffing the candles and wiping off some spots on the table with her apron, she left the room, enraged that the Doctor had not once noticed her little person.

Scarcely a minute later Marie appeared in her simple, but tasteful morning dress, in which she always looked to Klein's eyes, much more lovely, than if she had made the most *recherché* toilet. She greeted him with a friendly smile ;

but as he, instead of making her as usual, a slight bow at a few steps distance, approached, took her hand, and for the first time, raised it to his lips, with a look which made hers sink to the ground, she felt an unusual oppression, and the change from red to white betrayed in the highest degree her inward emotion.

“Dear Marie,” said Klein, in an expressive tone which went to the heart, “I thank you for not misunderstanding my honest intentions, and for having judged me better than your mother.”

These words restored Marie again to her usual tranquillity of mind.

“Oh! indeed Doctor Klein,” she said with the most unaffected simplicity, “it was quite natural that I should understand you better than Mamma; believe me, I am so happy that you did not go away in anger.”

This answer, which delighted Klein, had also the effect of making him gayer than usual, so that he tried to joke Marie a little about her candour.

“And why then was it so natural, my dear Mademoiselle, that you should be able to

judge me better?" he asked with a significant smile.

"In truth, Doctor Klein," answered she casting a look of displeasure upon him, "I cannot answer this question; and I cannot conceive," she added half angrily, "why you ask, what I do not know."

"Forgive me, sweet Marie," whispered Klein, pressing her hand with deep emotion, "I will never question you so again. I hope you are not really angry with me?"

"No, certainly not," said she, taking her place, however, between the sofa and the tea table, and motioning the Doctor to take a seat opposite. "Do you know, Doctor," said she sweetly, "I have got a little reward for you; you shall see it by-and-by——"

At this moment Mrs. von Horst entered, and they spent together, one of the three happy evenings of the week, without which, the Doctor could not endure the other four.

When they were about to separate, Klein said—

"Well, dear Miss von Horst, what about your promise?"

Marie hastened away and soon returned with a paper, which she spread out on the table before the astonished eyes of her mother and the Doctor. It was a painting by her own hand, representing her mother's sick chamber. A feeble lamp lighted the room, Mrs. von Horst reclined upon a couch, pale, and, as it seemed, in the last decisive moment. At her feet sat Marie upon a stool, with her head leaning against the side of the bed; Klein stood near the invalid and felt her pulse with one hand, while he held a watch in the other, from which he appeared to be counting the moments. His countenance expressed uneasiness and pity. The features were so correctly given upon the paper, that the Doctor and Mrs. von Horst could not sufficiently admire Marie's well-executed work.

"Indeed, Marie," said her mother, who spoke as a judge of the art in which she herself had formerly excelled, "you deserve great praise. For whom is the picture?"

"In case Mamma has no objection, I thought ——" she hesitated, on purpose.

“ Well, speak out, my dear child ! I guess beforehand.”

“ It is for you,” said Marie, handing it to Klein—“ if you do not despise it.”

“ Oh ! Miss von Horst ! you make me infinitely happy !” exclaimed the Doctor, receiving the precious gift. “ And if you will extend your kindness still further, and allow me to have the pleasure of driving you, at the sledging party to-morrow, I can only say, that fortune will have chosen me for her favourite this evening.”

Marie looked towards her mother with joyful surprise.

“ That you may promise at once, my dear ; it is very necessary for you to go out sometimes.”

Marie nodded her head slightly to Klein, which was as good as an answer, and he then took his leave.

From easily conceived reasons, neither the mother nor daughter spoke one word on what had just passed. Mrs. Von Horst considered that the matter stood upon what is called “ a proper footing.” She had gained the end she



wished, and certain about that which had disquieted her, she went to her bedroom, without touching upon the subject again.

Klein, on the contrary, spoke a great deal. It was his custom to commune with himself. As soon as he was at home and in his room, he threw off his coat, lit a cigar, sat down before the low fire, and began half aloud—

“Well, I have proved enough! I did not wish to be deceived in what regards the happiness of my life; and therefore, like a sensible man, I have not run after the first girl, at the sight of whose pretty face my heart beat faster than usual. Heaven be praised that I did not hastily fall into Julie St. Hal’s net! No, it is my good star which has led Marie across my path. Worthy Faye! if he had not made over his practice to me during his absence, and if Mrs. von Horst had not been one of his patients, I should never have become acquainted with her. Marie stands every test—her heart is pure gold; she is beautiful and innocent as an angel! I still hear her childish and ingenuous answer; and then the painting!—I may certainly hope, for without some

feeling for me, she would never have drawn my features so exactly! Oh, you dear one, how happy will I not try to make you! my whole life and soul shall belong to you! I will not be silent any longer. But how shall I find a convenient opportunity of declaring myself?"

After a pause he exclaimed—

"That was a happy thought! To-morrow, in returning from the sledging party. Oh, that will be excellent! Nothing can be better! To-morrow, then, I shall be—please God—an engaged man; and at Midsummer, I shall travel, with my beautiful bride, to Brünkenös to receive my father's blessing. I remember when I was at home last summer, how my father tried several times to bring Julie St. Hal and myself together. He promised, also, I believe, to use his interest with Mr. St. Hal for me. Now, heaven be praised! I will let him know by the next post, that I shall not trouble him in that quarter. But it is high time to retire to rest, so that I may not look to-morrow morning as if I had been up the whole night."

The Doctor was quickly wrapped in the imagery of dreams. They did not appear, however, to be of the same nature as those with which he had fallen asleep; for as he awoke in the morning, his first words were, "Oh awful!"—But after he had gazed around him for some time, he cried, in order at once to dispel the disagreeable remembrance of his night's dream—"Pooh! I am no fool, no old wife, to believe in dreams!" He got up, drank his coffee, dressed himself very carefully, and took his usual morning round; after which he dined at the best hotel of the town in company with some merry companions, and thus, with clinking of glasses and lively conversation, he renewed his remembrances of the previous evening, and his hopes for that which was coming.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the market-place of the town of W—— was the rendezvous for the young and elegant world. The sledges of different sorts arrived, the bells rung, the horses neighed, the whips cracked, gentlemen gave their commands, postilions grumbled, arrangements were made to the

right and left, all life and bustle. At length the last sledge drove up.

“Why zounds, Klein! have you no lady?” exclaimed bass and tenor voices from different sides.

“I shall soon procure one,” answered he, “whilst you parade through the streets of the town, I will go and see about one.”

“Ah!” said a stout gentleman, enveloped in wolf’s fur, jokingly, “Klein is not of my opinion about the comforts of travelling alone. If I could loosen the ladies’ tongues as well as I can their mantles and veils, we should soon learn how long a certain little lady outside the town will yet be wanting.”

“Well guessed!” said Klein, “with your permission I will now seek the only lady missing.”

And now all the sledges were put in motion. They were to meet at the northern gate. Klein drove off beforehand with his good steed.

“Step out, step out, my good racer, let us see if you are of Sleipner’s\* blood!” cried he gaily as he dashed round into Mrs. von Horst’s courtyard.

\* Odin’s horse, described in the Scandinavian Mythology, as being the fleetest in the world, and having eight feet.

Marie stood already there, equipped for the journey; and her mamma put the last shawl to rights with many exhortations to take care of the night air, as the Doctor showed himself at the door.

“Excellent ! so soon ready, my dear young lady ! The sledges will all be here immediately.”

Mrs. von Horst wished above all things to accompany them into the court, but Klein persuaded her from it, saying eagerly, “It is by no means necessary, my good madam, your health will not permit you to remain in the cold air. I have already made every provision for the young lady’s comfort ;” and with the most winning smile in the world, Klein closed the door after him, and taking Marie’s hand, he led her to the sledge ; but here our Doctor was so long occupied in buttoning and tucking in the sledge covering, that the whole caravan had passed long before he had finished.

“Make haste, dear Doctor Klein ; we shall be far behind all the others.”

“There is no danger of that, dear Marie !

If you choose we will soon be before them all ;” and quick as lightning they were off, and before Marie could take breath, they had passed half the sledges.

“Now you see that we have not remained behind !” were Klein’s first words to his neighbour.

“Oh ! you have a most excellent trotter ; but who is yon gentleman driving alone in that double-seated sledge ?”

“Your old friend Doctor Faye. He is, however, so surrounded by cloaks, that one can hardly see his worthy self.”

The stout gentleman now turned round.

“Listen,” said he to Klein. “Your new racer is certainly a good one, but he will not be able to keep pace with mine ; so at least, I believe old D —— t said the other day. Are you inclined for a bet ? The lake is only half a mile long, and the one that loses shall pay a bowl of punch, which we will drink on our return to the town.”

Klein bent down to Marie, and said, “If you are afraid of such a rapid drive, I will decline it ?”



“Oh no, no, not in the least, if *you* are my driver,” she answered, with much confidence.

“Well! what do you say?” cried Faye. They were now on the margin of the lake.

“Done!” cried Klein, and the two sledges started at once, at first in a common trot, which, however, became more and more rapid; until at last they only appeared like a rising vapour floating over the lake. The one was not a hair breadth before the other. However, as they approached the end of the lake, Klein became the winner; his horse breathed three or four times before the other came up.

“Zounds! I have lost the bowl,” laughed Faye. “Well, well, it can’t be helped!”

“You do not feel yourself unwell, I hope?” asked Klein, anxiously, as he saw that Marie held her hand to her head.

“Nothing particular,” answered she; “however, I will confess that I am no heroine, and that I am very glad the race is over.”

“My dear Marie, why did you not say so before? I would willingly have stopped at any moment. It vexes me extremely to have caused you uneasiness.”



“Oh ! indeed, Doctor Klein, it is all right again. Could I, because I am rather childish, have deprived you of the pleasure of saving the honour of your horse, which Doctor Faye wished to attack.”

“Ah, my dear Miss von Horst, what is such a conquest to me, if I thereby cause you even a moment's pain ? You must promise me you will always be candid with me, otherwise my good spirits will not return again to-day.”

“Oh, yes, yes, always !” answered Marie, and as a confirmation, she ventured slightly to return the Doctor's pressure of the hand, as he helped her out of the sledge.

In the middle of the great saloon at Halle-berg, where the company had now arrived, stood a large round table with a smoking coffee pot and the necessary appurtenances thereunto belonging. A bright fire blazed in the large chimney ; the ladies, with the gentlemen's help, had soon taken off their cloaks, and shaken the hoarfrost from their hair, and were now occupied with the enviable pleasure of helping themselves and their cavaliers from

the handsome shining coffee pot, to its excellent contents.

They had seated themselves in a wide circle round the table, and all the town and country news, of course, as usual, exaggerated and improved, passed rapidly around.

Whilst they thus enjoyed themselves, the gentlemen amateurs conveyed some violins, flutes, &c., into the next room, and began to play for dancing.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE MEETING—THE BALL.

ON the same day and at the same time at which the company mentioned in the preceding chapter were assembled in a happy circle round the coffee table, two sledges had nearly driven against each other before the Inn of Ingelstadt in Smaaland, so that the gentlemen who sat in them, from the violent shaking of the sledge shafts, had almost embraced a tree. The driver's firm foot, which, from old praiseworthy custom, hung far out, rested at the right time upon the ground, and thus, to the great satisfaction of both parties, the balance was again restored.

From one sledge sprang a tall handsome man, by whose easy and proud bearing, one could quickly recognize a gentleman of good birth. The small black moustache, and the cockade upon his travelling cap, showed that he was military. With one bound he was in the parlour, and whilst he rubbed his hands, which seemed to require it (for he was scarcely protected from the severe cold by a light blue mantle, and a green neckcloth), he began a conversation with the innkeeper, in which he discussed the important question as to whether his own horses were able to go on, so as not to be obliged to wait for a relay.

In the mean time the gentleman in the other sledge had so far extricated himself from his covering of bearskins, wolf's furs, and mantles, that he could give his orders. He was clothed in a closely fitting travelling dress and overshoes.

“Attend to what I tell you!” cried a voice which seemed to brook no contradiction. “Take the bottles out of the box, then lift up that case of flasks there to the left; be cautious—not so violently, you lubber! Take

care! Now then, that glass; if you break anything, you understand?" The speaker at the same time raised a pretty little whip which he held in his hand. "You shall have a taste of this."

"Eh! What!" answered the postilion offended. "I should think I had carried many a bottle and little box before now."

These words did not, however, reach the ear of the traveller, for by this time he stood at the door of the parlour, and greeted the host with a tolerably friendly—"Good day, mine host; is there a chamber for me?"

"Certainly, Sir, if I may say so, although it is not yet heated," answered he.

The gentleman in the cloak now turned round.

"What the devil, comrade, is that you!"

The travellers shook hands, and after a hearty embrace, followed questions and answers by thousands.

"Now truly, this is a piece of fortune for which I thank my good stars. More than one day has flown by since we separated eight years ago in Upsala."

"Yes, that is true," answered the officer,

“but we must drink a glass of wine upon our meeting. Ho there ! mine host ! Have you got anything fit to drink ?”

“I fear,” said the innkeeper with a rueful look, “I fear my ale is sour. You have not brewed since Christmas, have you, Martha ?”

“Ha, ha, ha !” laughed the owner of the mines. “It appears my friend Von K—— is not accustomed to travel backwards and forwards between the inns of Smaaland, otherwise he would not ask after nectar here. But you see, my dear fellow,” he added with proud self-satisfaction, “I know how to help you in this matter. I never travel without being provided with all those requisites which can enliven even the most disagreeable journey.”

“Oh, Sir,” began the host, who now understood what kind of drink the gentlemen meant, “there is not every where such scarcity and dearth as here ; and if you go past L——y this evening, I can assure you that you will there find more punch and wine than you could drink in the whole of your life.”

“How so, landlord ?” asked the gentlemen, amused at his eagerness.

“ Well, you must know that there is a large ball there this evening ; and if you, gentlemen, set off again soon (my horses are at your service), I am convinced that you will arrive there in very good time.”

“ By Jove ! the proposition is not bad,” said Baron von K——. “ It is a pity St. Hal, that for two reasons I cannot be at it ; first, because my way does not lead there, as I am going to visit some relations in the neighbourhood of Trükössing ; and the second and most important reason is, because my treasury, to be frank, is not in such a brilliant condition as to be able to bear an extra journey.”

“ Oh ! if that be all,” rejoined St. Hal jokingly, “ I hope Baron von K—— will do me the honour to look upon my purse now, as in old times, as quite at his disposal. My way takes me past L——y, and we can there spend a very jolly evening.”

“ So let it be, comrade,” gaily answered the Baron, “ I can never refuse a friend such an urgent request.”

“ It is agreed then,” said St. Hal, as he filled the glasses with the frothing champagne. “ Let



us drink to each other, my good friend, and then be off, or else we shall not arrive in time."

A quarter of an hour later the horses were harnessed, and the two gentlemen in one sledge, flew through the streets towards L——y.

"Well," began St. Hal, after they had duly put themselves to right. "You wrote *Captain* in the visitor's book ; explain to your old friend how that came about ?"

"In this way. You remember that my uncle, the Colonel, procured me a Cornet's commission in the S—— Dragoons. After I was once appointed, it became my own affair to win the good will of my superiors by the most scrupulous conduct. On all occasions I was extremely attentive to the old grumbler ; during the day I was the *chargé d'affaires* for all, and in the evening I played with them, made myself agreeable and polite to their wives and daughters at balls and parties. Thus I became every where welcome, and after a few years I was made Lieutenant. I still continued my old life, and when two years subse-

quently a captain in my regiment had reached the age at which he could take his leave, with the certainty, as a military man, of being preferred to a dozen clerks at the post office, where a droll genius had undertaken to carry on the affairs for half the fees ; the matter was arranged through my uncle's acquaintances. The Captain, tired of riding, and with the prospect of a comfortable old age, longed just as much to jump from the saddle as I did to seat myself more firmly in it. The purchase-money was procured by a loan from a certain fund, and so I am now, with your leave, Captain."

" Good, I am heartily glad of it, but what about the payment of the above-named fund ?"

" Half of the sum is already paid ; as far as regards the other half, which becomes due in another year, I speculate upon some advantageous marriage. But now you must allow me also to inquire why I hear you called *Master of the Mines*, instead of seeing you announced as the appointed judge in the High Court of Justice ?"

" That has come to pass after the good and

well known maxim ‘Shoemaker, remain with your last.’ I said to myself, why shall he who has peasants enough upon his own properties, with whom he can quarrel, burden himself with the disputes of a whole district ? I should be happy if I were able to prevent those that I have. My father is getting old, and requires my help. It is not in his power to look after two mines ; it is just as useful to go home as to run to college every day and pay visits to the professors. So said, so done ! After I had studied for a few years at the University for my own pleasure, I went home, and took over, upon my own account, one of my honoured father’s mines. But as my health had always been delicate, I determined to take the warm baths in Germany ; and after roving about for a couple of years, I returned again to the paternal roof, rich in happy recollections, but without being particularly improved in health. Now I attend with much profit to my business, and undertake only the smaller journeys. I am going at present to Halmstadt, and after that I shall spend two or three months in Copenhagen.”

“Oh, you happy man!” sighed the Captain; “but tell me, though, how is it that you, with so many marks of fortune’s favour, do not also long to have a sweet and amiable wife?”

“Ah! you see,” replied St. Hal jokingly, “I am too vain, I have not yet found a woman to whom I should like to sacrifice my liberty. Perhaps we may see this evening, among the beauties of L——y a pretty girl who may fetter us with her rosy chains.”

“Your humble servant! For such chains I thank you kindly,” said the Baron, “but those which can fetter me must be of pure gold.”

“So you are speculating in this lottery; but believe me, von K——, if only a breath of the spirit of true love had touched you, you would not look so much after the gold which in every case, as soon as it is drawn into account, profanes the feeling.”

“Why! what do I hear!” exclaimed the Captain. “Is this like the confessions of a man who has never found a woman to whom he would care to sacrifice his freedom? If

you had not experienced this yourself, you could not give such a pathetic account of it."

"I allow that I know a girl"—here a slight tinge of colour passed over St. Hal's pale countenance, and his voice, which usually was rough and imperious, now became so soft that it made the Baron, who was no lover of such emotion, quite alarmed. "Yes, I do know one—one whose image I have carried in my heart for many years ; but to know, and to have obtained, are very different things—time alone can accomplish the latter."

"Pooh !" exclaimed the Captain, whose views on this point were not of the strictest. "I should think that *that* could not be the question with you. What girl would be likely to refuse, or not be glad to accept the hand of the rich proprietor of mines ?"

"Here the question is neither of accepting nor refusing," added Gustavus St. Hal, drily ; "I have not made a proposal to any one, nor have I the intention of so doing."

"Well, well ! you were always a little peculiar, and if I have struck a wrong chord

you must forgive me, my good fellow," said the Baron, laughing wickedly at his friend's annoyance.

After they had proceeded for some time, on the long and well used road to L——y, St. Hal cried—

"See there, now we have arrived at the place. What do you say? shall we have a little dinner before it becomes too late? The supper will not be before two or three o'clock in the morning."

The Captain had nothing to say against the proposition. They drove up to the gate, which was quite blocked up with the crowd. After the Baron had broken through the throng, with the help of his elbows, he found a servant-maid, who procured him, upon double payment, a separate apartment. The enlivening tone of the music sounded from the dancing-room, and our travellers made as much haste as possible to strengthen themselves by some refreshment after their cold and rapid drive; and having dressed themselves, they repaired to the ball-room.

The first dance was just over and the



L——y beauties were seated on long white-varnished benches. Our friends made use not only of their natural, but also of their artificial eyes, to find out which way they were to bend their steps. At both ends of the saloon were folding doors leading into other rooms. The travellers betook themselves to one end, but found the outlet blocked up, notwithstanding that the two doors had been taken away.

Here, in a little ante-room, which led to the cloak-room, seats had been raised for the musicians, who consisted of eight men from the band of the C—— Regiment. Here then also there was no standing room. With the help of their eye-glasses they at length discovered a room, which seemed to be the centre of attraction for the gentlemen. They strolled to it, and arrived safely among the group of old and young men, who were regaling themselves with punch, tobacco, and pipes.

St. Hal here met some acquaintances, who undertook to introduce them to the ladies.



In order to be better able to make their choice, they placed themselves in the doorway and cast their eyes upon a voyage of discovery round the above-mentioned rows.

They had scarcely looked half way round when the door of the large drawing-room opened, and a lady, without doubt a lady of consequence, followed by three graces, entered. The lady's costume was, after the fashion of the day, extremely handsome; it consisted of a splendid silk dress, à la Walter Scott, and a Turkish shawl, which did not cover a very youthful form; upon her head she wore a red and white crêpe turban, with white feathers, which waved gracefully backwards and forwards, as she bent her head stiffly to the guests, who bowed to her to the right and left. The graces were dressed in white crêpe, and had roses in their hair. They all four went to the side of the saloon where our travellers stood. As soon as they were seated a whole crowd of gentlemen approached; but before they had reached the ladies a girl, with the tea-tray, placed herself

between them and the object, which they had so eagerly sought from the other end of the room. Next to the maid-servant stood a tall gentleman with epaulettes, who appeared to be waiting impatiently for her to take herself off. The officer stood with his side to the girl, and as she raised herself from her stooping position, she knocked her head against his shoulder, and a very pretty little wig, with its long braid of hair (for the poor girl had just lost all her hair in a nervous fever), remained hanging to the officer's epaulette. Now this was too much for a servant girl ; she let the whole tray fall into her ladyship's lap and hastened out. The shipwreck in the gracious lady's lap surpassed all description ; tea cups, bowls of crystal, slices of citron, pieces of sugar, biscuits, and cakes, all swam together in one wave of scalding hot tea and cream. The lookers-on were almost choked with laughing. Every pocket-handkerchief was nearly bitten to pieces, in order to suppress this outburst, until an officer, with a new order upon his breast, gave the lady his arm ; but upon her rising there followed such a crash, that no-

body was any longer able to keep down their laughter. After the servants had cleared away the pieces of broken china, and tranquillity was again restored, the music began afresh.

“My dear Pastor,” demanded St. Hal and the Captain, almost at the same moment, of their friend, who had promised to be their cicerone, “who are these ladies?”

“The Baroness von H——d and the Miss S——zs.”

“Will you be so good as to introduce us to those who sit next to us?”

That was soon done, and immediately after they were whirling round in a lively waltz with them.

“Well,” said the Captain, a couple of hours later, to his friend, “what do you say to it?”

“That there is nothing to be seen more comical than the first act; and, therefore, I am now going to lie down,” answered St. Hal.

“I shall soon join you,” said the Captain, hastily trying to get into conversation with the pastor.

“An extremely agreeable girl, the young lady yonder ! Do you know the family ? ”

“Yes, certainly ; her father, Major S——z, is a worthy man, but poor in all things, except children. Dagboholm is a little farm, and —— ”

“Pardon me, my dear sir,” interrupted the Captain, who had now heard more than enough, “I perceive that my friend, St. Hal, has already retired ; I have the honour to thank you for the pleasure of your acquaintance,” and with a slight bow, the Baron disappeared.

The next morning when the gentlemen awoke they heard, with astonishment, from below, the mingled noises of merry singing, laughter, and the clinking of glasses. They descended, and found the whole company assembled at breakfast. The two travellers screwed up their mouths compassionately, as they became aware, on entering the ladies’ room, of the change which the daylight made in their dresses, as well as in their faces. In a chamber, upon the other side, the gentlemen were drinking punch, and

making a great noise. Several ladies stood at the door, and gave the sign with their handkerchiefs for departure, in vain. It was one o'clock in the afternoon before our friends had time to think of travelling or taking leave.

"I have a plan to propose," began St. Hal, as he and his friend were sitting together on the sofa, both out of spirits at the idea of the approaching separation, "if you will accompany me upon my journey, it shall not be without interest for you. You might pass a couple of months at Copenhagen free of expense; and you can always be at home in time so as to spend a few days at Knapergaard, with my family, before *the exercising* commences. If you have leisure and inclination, you can, on our return, make the acquaintance of my hospitable old father and my sister, a splendid Rose."

The Captain was silent from astonishment, but as he had leave of absence, and as such a journey was, in every way, more interesting than that which he had intended, he hastily

wrote a letter, full of excuses, to his relations, and, before two hours were over the two gentlemen were again seated together in the sledge ; where we now leave them for the present.

## CHAPTER IV.

HIOBSSTATION—FRUSTRATED HOPES—THE LAST WILL.

IT is now time to return to Halleberg, to see if the company there thought of the drive home. Of nothing less! They were standing up for a quadrille. Klein had already danced several times with Marie, and the ladies who, in their quality of chaperones, occupied the sofa, had begun to whisper suspiciously to each other, when a waiter entered, and handed the Doctor a letter. He took it, and retired to one side to read it. Marie's looks followed him; she saw that the contents of the letter were of a painful nature, for he became as pale as death. After a few minutes he approached Marie; it evidently cost him pain to



speaking to her in a formal manner, but he was obliged to do so on account of the surrounding company.

“Excuse me, Miss von Horst, I must instantly take my departure ! A letter I have just received, acquaints me that my father has had the misfortune to meet with an accident, that he is extremely ill, and that his very life is in danger. I shall hasten to speak to Doctor Faye, and he will, without doubt, have great pleasure in being your protector on the way home.” Saying which, Klein bowed respectfully and disappeared.

A few minutes later, after he had arranged with his colleague that he should take over his practice during his absence, Klein had an opportunity to whisper to Marie, “I had hoped that this evening would have had a different termination ; however, in the meantime think of me, as I shall always think of you ! As soon as my duty permits, I shall return again.”

After the lapse of an hour he was in the town ; and shortly after, he was flying through the streets as fast as it was possible to do

with fresh horses; and although they go sometimes quickly enough, yet I think the reader and I will as gladly take wing like a bird, in order to arrive at the place before the Doctor, to see how matters stand in our hero's paternal mansion.

Brünkenäs, belonging to his father, the Assessor Klein, is situated in one of the most beautiful parts of Smaaland. The dwelling-house is built upon a rising ground on three sides; it is surrounded by a lake, which is covered with the most charming little islands; the fourth, formed by a large courtyard with splendid plantations on either side, leads to an avenue of tall birch trees, and this again carries you into the great country road. In this rural paradise, the stillness of death now reigned, in consequence of the dreadful grief which prevailed in the house; and the white pall of winter covered the ground.

In the ante-chamber, the servants glided cautiously backwards and forwards. In a large apartment on a level with the ground, that gloomy evil foreboding silence reigned, which occasions one to feel afraid of the noise

of one's own steps. The walls of the apartment were covered with old fashioned tapestry, and through the green blinds the moon cast its gloomy rays upon a group at the further end of the room.

From a large bed, with drawn curtains, one could hear the difficult respiration of the sick person, in uneasy slumbers. Opposite the bed, upon a sofa, an old woman, overcome by sleep and night watching, appeared to have given herself up to the demands of nature. Her head had sunk down upon the cushion in a half reclining position. An old man rose from an arm-chair near the bed, and cautiously spread a handkerchief over the slumberer; he then seated himself again, drew a little table nearer to him, and after he had placed a green shade before the light, he opened the Bible, and read from time to time. The wrinkles upon his brow, as also his white hair, showed that many winters must have passed over his head. His appearance bore the stamp of seriousness and honesty.

Light steps approached the place where the old man sat, and a little white hand tapped

him on the shoulder. As he turned round, his benevolent looks met the anxious eye of a young girl.

“How is he now, dear Mr. Inspector?” whispered a soft melodious voice.

“Just as when you went away, not an hour ago. He has not been awake, and as you know that the Doctor has assured us, he is in no danger to-night, it is not kind of you, Miss Caroline, that you will not take a little rest,” said the old man.

“Ah! it is impossible for me to sleep! Thank God, Aunt Lisa Greta has laid her head down! At her age it is too fatiguing to go without sleep; but she is so self-willed, that there was no getting her away from here. But what o’clock is it?”

“Eleven,” answered the Inspector.

“Oh, heavens!” sighed the girl, “what can delay Waldemar so long! Do you not think that he ought to have been here by this time?”

“You are much too impatient, Miss Lina. It takes one not less than twenty-four hours to

go from W—— to Brinkenäs. He will certainly be here in another hour."

Caroline now went softly and cautiously towards the bed, and drew the curtains a little aside; but as her father slept on uninterruptedly, she sat down near the Inspector, and took up a volume of "Hours of Devotion," which lay upon the table.

"Well, Miss Lina, since you cannot sleep," said the old man, "we may just as well speak to each other. What do you think, or rather if you know, tell me, what was the reason that Mr. St. Hal came with his daughter yesterday evening? I don't wonder so much at the old gentleman, but the girl; she stared at me so proudly, as much as to say—look at your mistress!"

"Indeed!" sighed Caroline. "God only knows what is about to happen. From my childhood upwards, Mr. Lindman, you have been, in many little sorrows, my confidant, and I will now speak openly to you. You know, that for many years the Klein and St. Hal families have lived on particularly friendly

terms with each other. The friendship between papa and Mr. St. Hal has existed since their youth, for their fathers lived in the same manner. In order to strengthen these relations, and to make them more intimate, he has petitioned his old friend for Julie's hand for Waldemar; and convinced that the wishes of the latter entirely accorded with his own, it was his desire that they should meet here, so that he might bless their union before his decease."

"Gracious heavens!" groaned Lindman, "what a wife for the noble, upright Waldemar! Such a coquettish creature, and so haughty and affected! Alas! alas!"

"Well, well, dear Mr. Lindman, she is indeed no angel; but remember that papa thinks Waldemar has long loved her; and besides she is beautiful, unusually beautiful, and rich, that you know."

"That may be; and unfortunately it is just that which has bewitched her so; but I tell you beforehand, it will be a great misfortune."

"Don't you see," continued Lina; "papa thinks that it would be a great advantage to



me. Where should I go to ? You well know that my old aunt and I could not dwell here alone."

"Nor need you do so, Miss Lina ! You have a safe retreat, if you choose. The Pastor is certainly well on in years, but still it is not a despicable match; and I would rather sit down at my own table, than at that of such a sister-in-law."

"Oh ! don't speak of it ! I would rather work, than marry only to be provided for."

The Inspector shook his head. "That reason would be sufficient, say I; but every one to his taste ! A day may come when you will repent it."

"Never, Mr. Lindman ! The good Pastor deserves warmer feelings in return for his hand and heart than I can give him; I shall, therefore, never repent that I did not deceive him. But," added she, breaking off from the subject, "I fear papa may have deceived himself as to Waldemar's feelings——Hush ! is that not our house-dog barking ?"

The Inspector hastily lighted a wax-taper, and went out. Caroline fell upon her knees



at the side of the bed in prayer. After a time she heard that people were approaching the door. It was softly opened, and she flew into the arms of her beloved brother.

“Oh, Waldemar, what a sad meeting!” cried the deeply distressed girl.

“Comfort yourself, my dear Caroline! You shall find in me the combined feelings of a father and a brother.”

The sound of this voice went like music to the ears of the invalid; he awoke.

“Are you here, my son?” said a feeble voice, and Waldemar, bending over his father’s deathbed, pressed the withered hand to his lips, whilst large tears rolled down the old man’s cheek.

“My dear son! do not increase my weakness! My moments are numbered; let me, therefore, tell you what will make my end easier. It is the hope of having founded the happiness of your life. Death has overtaken me before I could arrange my house.” He now spoke with evident exertion. “You know that I have written you about Caroline and the Pastor;—she did not wish—and far

be it from me to force her,—therefore she must find an asylum,—in your house—” He was silent for a long time; his breathing became more and more difficult, and the cold perspiration fell in great drops from his forehead.

Gloomy thoughts sprung up in Waldemar’s mind. “What does he mean? Good heavens! he will not surely——” He did not dare to think of the suspected truth; but he was not left long in uncertainty, for the invalid continued.

“I have laid the foundation-stone for your earthly happiness, and can bless you before I die.”

“My father, I do not understand you,” stammered the son. “You do not know upon what the happiness of my life rests.”

“Oh! yes, better than you are aware; I have sought and obtained Mr. St. Hal’s and his daughter’s consent to a marriage with you, which has been, for many years, my greatest wish.”

“Ah, my good father! You have ——”

“Softly, softly, Waldemar—I—cannot speak

—further—your—thanks—I know before-hand——”

Sleep closed the invalid's eyes, and the son did not venture to disturb him.

Waldemar's thoughts and feelings were in the most dreadful tumult. He could not find his way out of the labyrinth into which he had fallen; his temples throbbed, and a burning fever shook his frame. From time to time he wished to try to speak; but the old man still slept on, and as a physician he knew that after he awoke, his time would be short.

At length the first rays of the breaking day penetrated into the room. Waldemar was still sitting, absorbed in deep thought, by his father's bed, when his sister entered, accompanied by a young lady in a light, elegant morning dress. Oh! what a difference! The one pale, and weighed down by grief, with an expression of unspeakable melancholy, upon a countenance, not exactly beautiful, but sweet as that of an angel. The other perfectly beautiful, splendid as a fresh rose, but as proud in her deportment, as one would imagine a goddess, at the time she descends to visit the

sons of the earth, in order to make them happy by a sight of her. The contrast between the two was so great, that Waldemar was shocked. He made a cold stiff bow, and one of the most bewitching smiles from the proud lips of the Beauty, remained unnoticed. This vexed the high-spirited young lady ; however, she thought that the father's state allowed him to delay the homage, which she might with reason expect, as he had aspired to her hand. Although this had been arranged by the father, she considered it as impossible that his feelings could not be interested.

She remained standing before the invalid's bed, and as if the Norne\* had awaited this moment, the Assessor Klein now awoke. He recognized Julie, although his sight was already somewhat dimmed, and motioned her to give him her hand ; the other he gave to Waldemar, who stood there a prey to grief and inward emotion.

After the old man had contemplated them for some time, he took their hands in his own, and pressed them.

\* The Northern Goddess of Fate.

“ Now I die in peace—my blessing—Caroline! protect her!” whispered he softly; he looked up, drew a few slow and difficult sighs, a sad forerunner of separation, and after one or two feeble convulsions, the Assessor Klein was no more.

The deceased still held their hands in his, as Mr. St. Hal entered, and perceived the solemn group.

Waldemar had sunk upon his knees, his head leaning over the face of the corpse; Julie was in a real, or pretended fainting-fit, and Caroline, in mute, tearless grief, was standing near the pillow of the deceased. After St. Hal had loosened the hands, and had conducted his daughter into another room, he tried to administer words of comfort and religion to the brother and sister; but, as his endeavours were unheeded, he turned to the old inspector, who sat in one corner of the room absorbed in silent, but deep sorrow.

“ Listen, Mr. Lindman,” said he, “ I cannot do anything here now, besides I must take my poor daughter home. If you require me, I am at your service. To-morrow, or the day

after, I shall hope to see the Doctor at my house; give him my kind regards, and tell him so." He held out his hand to Lindman, and quitted the room.

Shortly after, Mr. St. Hal and his daughter went away, in spite of all Aunt Lisa Greta's friendly invitations to partake of some coffee. It must be admitted they were rather offended that no one but the old aunt had endeavoured to detain them.

## CHAPTER V.

## EXCHANGING RINGS.

IT was a dark and stormy evening, the rain fell in heavy showers, and had already quite washed away the snow; the wind howled through the empty apartments at Brünkenäs. From a chamber in the upper story shone a solitary light, and a shadow moved backwards and forwards there; soft sighs, and disjointed lamentations died away in the noise of the hurricane. A gentle knock at the door was heard, and had to be repeated several times before the lonely occupant of this room noticed it. She shuddered, but hastily rose.

“Is it you, Waldemar?” said she, opening



the door. Her brother entered enveloped in a wide travelling cloak.

“ Good heavens ! is it *really* you ? ” asked she again, stepping back a few paces in alarm, as she perceived the deep dejection depicted in his countenance.

“ Yes, it is the bridegroom, who returns from his fiancée, his bride ! ” said he, with an almost convulsive laugh, flinging himself into a chair.

Caroline took off his wet mantle, wiped the water from his forehead, and stroked the dark entangled hair off his face ; then she lighted a fire in the earthen stove, and called for warm tea.

“ You kind creature ? ” said he, looking up sadly, at her tender care ; but, directly after, he added, in the most hopeless tone. “ Thus also would Marie, with her pure and affectionate soul, trouble herself about me ; and now I must pierce this heart as well as my own. *That* weighs me down. Oh ! that this innocent girl had never known me, or that I had not so openly shewn her my feelings, or found a response in hers ! Then, at least, I

could bear my fate without so much inward grief or complaint, although the bare thought of an exchange between these two, is an unspeakable anguish to me. But now, now!"—he struck his forehead—"now I must appear to her mother like an infamous deceiver——" He became silent, and sank into deep thought.

"My dear Waldemar," said Caroline's angelic voice, "do not be so dejected! If this Marie, whom you love so much, is what you have described her to me, be assured she will not look upon you as a deceiver. She will acknowledge that a son cannot sport with the last wishes of a dying father, and that you, as you certainly were not engaged to her, on your own part, could not find a reason to prevent your keeping your father's vow sacred, or perhaps destroying Julie's peace. Believe me, Waldemar! Marie will most likely grieve over the loss of her silent hopes; however, she will certainly not wish to exchange with *her*, who only receives your hand and your name, whilst she possesses your heart, and like Mary in the Bible, has chosen the better part. But," added Caroline, as she reflected upon the

selfishness of her concluding sentence, "in the end she will fly to the All merciful, and beg him to obliterate her love, and to turn Waldemar's heart to her, to whom, before God and man, he has promised his faith."

"Ah! Caroline, I feel that you are right, and I know that Marie could do so, yes, even much more; for she is, like you, rich in all that is noble in heart and mind, but *I*, Lina! You cannot conceive *my* grief."

"Yes, I do conceive it; but tell me now all that passed during your visit. Did you perceive nothing on her side, which might present the prospect of a rupture?"

"No, nothing whatsoever: you shall hear all that happened:—when I arrived this morning, the good old man, with his benevolent smile, came to meet me: 'Well are you come at last, my son?' said he, conducting me into his study. Here he disclosed to me the state of our affairs; he had already, before my return home, by my father's desire, examined all the papers with Lindman. He has been appointed your guardian, and wished that you should remain with him until the marriage

takes place : all the moveable property will be sold to cover the debts. However, he hopes to be able to save the house for us, and proposed to me to give over the same for the present, to our worthy old Lindman, for half the emolument. I answered ‘ Yes ’ to all his propositions : ‘ God knows my son,’ said he, with a mild, reproachful smile : ‘ you would not do for a man of business. But be comforted, the affairs rest in the hands of your future father-in-law, otherwise I should advise you to be somewhat more cautious ! ’ As he could not enliven me, he said kindly, ‘ My dear youth, I also once lost a dear, very dear father ; but there must be a measure and a term to everything in this world, and consequently also to sorrow. I was at that time engaged to my late lamented wife, and, therefore, for her sake, I made an effort to suppress my grief ; you will afflict Julie if you appear thus before her.’ ”

“ Moved by his fatherly kindness, and feeling deeply how little I could offer her in return for her love and her fortune, or rather riches, (for Julie’s dowry could satisfy

the most exorbitant expectations), I controlled myself as well as I could, governed the storm of my rebellious feelings, and promised upon my honour and by the remembrance of the deceased, to make myself worthy of the happiness which he offered to me. I assured him that Julie should be happy—and Caroline, I shall keep my word, although it cost me my whole of earthly felicity ! Yes, her happiness shall be the extent of my wishes, and my most earnest endeavour. ‘Now I am pleased my son,’ he answered contentedly, ‘I will, therefore, conduct you to my daughter.’ Half dreaming, I followed him into the room where Julie sat at her pianoforte. She blushed deeply as I approached and took her hand, ‘Oh, no compliments!’ cried the old man, ‘people do not greet each other in this way, when they are engaged!’ We both stood like pillars and stared at one another. ‘Well, what’s the matter ? embrace each other in heaven’s name ! I was not so confused when I received the first kiss from my beloved wife !’ ”

“Oh ! how painful was the jest for us both !

I could not, however, make myself ridiculous. I hastily stooped down to the embarrassed girl, and heaven knows what I did ; but it must have been all right, for I heard the old man say, ‘ So, so, children, that is right ! ’ after which he left the room.”

“ But now, it became very awkward ; Julie cast a look at me, which thrilled to my innermost soul—it was a look of unspeakable pain. She pointed to an ottoman close by, and seated herself upon another. It was now necessary to say something which should satisfy her ; but I was not able to utter a word. After some time had passed in perfect silence, she arose, with that proud bearing which always repulses me, and said : ‘ You have nothing to say to me, and it is really very strange that we sit here in this manner. It appears,’ she added, in bitter irony, ‘ that the certainty of having obtained that, which your father sought for you, produces indifference in you.’ ”

“ By no means,” I answered : “ I know perfectly how to prize my good fortune, which so many will envy me ; but I may be only flattering myself with the hope that Julie



has given her consent for any other reason, than merely to be a dutiful daughter. It would grieve me, were I to think that you had, perhaps, lost your prospect of happiness through a connexion planned by our parents."

" ' You do not know me,' she replied, with noble pride : ' I, like yourself, would never consent to stake my whole life's happiness, in order to perform our duty towards our parents. If filial duty be opposed to the inclination of the heart, I do not see why it should guide the conduct. No power on earth could have forced me to say *yes*, if my feelings had not accompanied my choice ; and,' she added more softly, ' if this be the cause of that disquietude on your part, which makes me tremble for my future happiness, be comforted, I like you ! ' "

" At these last words she was really engaging, and I could have wished that my heart had been free. But from this moment, when her frank confession had cleared away the last possibility of a rupture, it became a sacred duty for me to conceal from her the state of my own feelings, since she had given me, such



an undisguised proof of the willingness of her obedience."

" 'I thank you, dear Julie,' I answered, deeply moved, 'for your confidence : your happiness rests in the hands of an honourable man, and by heaven and this important hour ! you may rely upon my word, and trust to my promise, that no wish shall be greater than to make your life as full of joys as this poor state can offer to the descendants of those who lost Eden.' "

" When old St. Hal entered again, a smile of paternal kindness and contentment played upon his lips, as he beheld the apparently happy relations between us—' Yes, yes,' said he, joyfully, 'when you are by yourselves I believe you can pass away the time pleasantly enough. I and Brink have waited above a quarter of an hour in the dining-room and deplored with real sorrow that our delicious beef was getting cold, because you forgot that a good while has elapsed since you received an invitation to dinner.' "

" More embarrassed at the good old man's

error in regard to my feelings, than at the fault of not noticing the summons to dinner, I offered Julie my arm, and endeavoured, not only at table, but the whole of the rest of the day, to retain the calm and satisfied appearance which I had assumed. But such an exertion and such an exact weighing of every word and action, became at last too painful to me ; I would come home as the evening advanced, and all their entreaties and representations could not detain me. I longed to escape, in order to mingle the wild storm of nature, with that which was raging in my soul, and which, now freed from the fetters of propriety and duty, threatened to burst my heart. Now I am again with you, dearest Caroline ! It is a sweet consolation to be able to pour out one's feelings to a sympathizing friend, and who can be more so than a sister ?”

The night was far advanced when the brother and sister separated. Waldemar did not perceive that his sister suffered from quite as deep a wound as his own, although caused

by other circumstances ; still she was patient and pious, and there are sorrows, which, at least when they are locked up in a woman's breast, cannot be communicated.

A week after this, relations and acquaintances were assembled at Brückenäs, to accompany their lost friend to his last resting-place. A little while before the procession was formed, old Mr. St. Hal motioned to Waldemar and Julie to follow him. They stepped into the vaulted room where the corpse lay, which was hung with black cloth. The open coffin stood upon a catafalque, and the gloomy flickering glimmer, from the many candelabra with wax lights, which surrounded it, threw its rays upon the pale countenance: the most touching picture of tranquillity and peace. From a high altar, which had been erected in the background, sounded the solemn tones of a funeral dirge: the whole produced a deep and awful impression. It is seldom that even a perfect stranger can stand by, when life is being consecrated to death, without being filled with mysterious forebodings and gloomy feelings ; how much more effect then must this

have upon those, who were bound by the most holy ties to him, whose remains they contemplate.

“ Children,” said the Lord of the Manor, in an unusually solemn tone, conducting each to one side of the coffin, “ my friend and your father, has joined your hands in his last moments ; I was then obliged to separate them, but here they shall be again joined.”

He took two rings, which he had procured beforehand, and handing one to each of them, besought them, by the remembrance of him over whose corpse the rings were exchanged, always to love each other ; but as Julie was going to give Waldemar the ring, it slipped out of her hand, and fell down with a hollow, evil-foreboding sound, upon the handle of the coffin. Waldemar tried to seize it, but at this slight touch it rolled from the handle down upon the ground, from whence he raised it with an involuntary shudder, and put it on his finger.

The melancholy betrothal was over, and the affianced passed from the sad vicinity of the paternal remains to the changing forms of the

world. At the door Waldemar turned back, and made a sign that he wished to be alone ; then falling on his knees by the corpse, he prayed fervently. He arose strengthened, and pressed to his lips, for the last time, the withered hand which had guided with fatherly love his first steps upon the slippery paths of life ; he then took up the lid, which was near, and laid it softly upon the resting-place of the beloved deceased.

Now the bells tolled from the neighbouring church, and Caroline tottered in —— . We will draw a veil over the mournful ceremony which followed.

Once again, on the evening previous to Waldemar's departure, the brother and sister sat together, perhaps for the last time, in the beloved paternal mansion. They promised to write frequently to each other. In the course of the Spring, Waldemar was to return, on which occasion the marriage was to be arranged.

At length the hour for separation struck : it was deeply and painfully felt by both ; and in the middle of February our young friend

retraced the same road which he had taken with such different prospects three weeks before.

In the mean time, we will look how matters stand in W——.

## CHAPTER VI.

## NEW ACQUAINTANCES AND CRITICAL NEWS.

FOR many years an upright and esteemed citizen had dwelt in a large corner house in the market-place of W——. A profitable business, and several successful chances which he had drawn from the hand of capricious fortune, had raised him from the unnoticed life of poverty, to a very independent position in the society of his fellow townsmen ; but it often happens that even in the breast of the richest and most powerful, there beats an empty and joyless heart. Mr. Billing, the merchant, was one of the many examples of this. Born of poor parents, and accustomed to struggle with the manifold grievances of



poverty, he considered it a great piece of good fortune and a most important occurrence in his life, when he obtained, at the age of seventeen, a situation in a counting-house in M——. Industry and honesty, joined to good sense and modest behaviour, gained him the favour of his superior and his family. After several years' residence in this house, he became almost indispensable in the business ; but misfortune, which is always at hand, and generally wanders about in the assumed form of love, earnest wishes, or dreaming hopes, and shows us the many splendid fruits which grow on the tree of knowledge, wished now that our young friend should desire to taste of them ; and the Eve who handed him the apple was the merchant L——'s own sweet, amiable daughter, who was seventeen years of age. The two young people determined to try the only possible way of attaining their mutual wish, namely, that Billing should ask Mr. L—— himself, if he had anything to say against their engagement. The only difficulty consisted in finding a fit opportunity to introduce the subject. At last, one day, when they

were alone together in L——'s office, Billing handed his patron a quantity of letters to sign, and said at the same time, "I was almost going to write to you too, Mr. L——."

"How so?" asked he, in rather an austere tone; for he had perceived an unusual emotion in Billing's voice and manner.

Although this short rejoinder was not calculated to awaken much hope, still Billing determined to take a decisive step.

"My most worthy protector," answered he, timidly, "I have a petition to make, which is perhaps too bold; I love your daughter. If you will give her to me for my wife, I venture to assure you, that you could never find a more attentive and affectionate son than I will be to you."

Upon Mr. L——'s lips played something which should have been a smile; but to give the separate constituents of the smile would have been difficult, even for the most clever physiognomist. It was a mixture of surprise, pity, disdain, and sorrow. After a short pause, however, he answered with much self-command.

“ My dear Mr. Billing, your conduct has been up to this time such that you have a right to claim my gratitude and my esteem ; and the time was approaching when you should have exchanged the situation as my clerk, for that of merchant. I therefore expected that you (excuse my sincerity) would have given up such childish whims ; you ought to have known me sufficiently to be aware what answer you would receive to your request. I will therefore, if agreeable to you, look upon it as withdrawn.”

This was too much even for Billing’s quiet disposition. A month after he left the house, and soon began business upon his own account in W——. Although, of course, by degrees, he found his property increasing ; months and years passed on ; yet the maiden remained true to her promise, although they tried by kind entreaties and by threats to prevail upon her to make a suitable match. Four years after Mr. L—— died, and as it was found that the house was ruined, all the suitors gave up their pretensions of their own accord. At the termination of the year of mourning, Mr.

Billing presented himself, and conducted his young wife to W——. But on the very day of their marriage, when Billing was dreaming of nothing but peace and happiness, the dreadful news arrived, that a vessel with a cargo which constituted his whole fortune had been shipwrecked, and that the crew alone had been, with great difficulty, saved.

This was a heavy blow ; however, he had won one treasure, which was much more precious than all he had lost. He did not murmur, although the thought of having perhaps led her, for whom he would willingly have prepared the most joyful, unclouded future, into an unhappy life, pained him. In the meantime he did everything to raise himself again ; but all his exertions were fruitless. Fortune, that changeable goddess, had turned her back upon him. It was only in the evening, in the always agreeable society of his wife, that he found himself, after a day of incessant toil, refreshed and strengthened for the new trials of a much heavier kind, which awaited him.

After one short year of domestic happiness,

as pure as can only be obtained in the manifold relations of private life, young Mrs. Billing, after she had presented her husband with a dearly bought son, quitted this earthly habitation of sorrows and joys. His grief, as he saw the grave close over his hopes, bordered upon madness ! but when, a few months later, the son followed the mother, he relapsed into such deep and gloomy melancholy, that he appeared for ever lost to outward life. But time, whose beneficial influence spreads sooner or later over the most diseased mind, if not forgetfulness, at least an alleviation of the pain, and in conjunction with religion, can even restore tranquillity—this good angel of human nature brought Billing back, after a few years, to the bounds of reason and recollection.

He recommenced his business, and everything now seemed to favour him. Slowly, but surely, he rose from poverty to competence, from competence quickly to riches, and at last he exchanged his small dwelling for the above-mentioned large corner house.

At the time of which we are now speaking,

Billing stood a good way down the other side of the ladder of men's age. For the last fifteen years it had been a subject of wonder, and conjecture, why he did not marry again. The reason was, that Billing had been too happy during his short marriage to venture to hope that he could be so to the same degree again. He had, therefore, chosen rather to live unmarried; his house, however, which was under the management of his old housekeeper, Mrs. Walberg, was so excellently and tastefully arranged, that his numerous guests did not miss a hostess.

On one afternoon at the beginning of February, we transfer ourselves to a room in an under story of the above-mentioned house. It was, on one side, from the floor to the ceiling, literally filled with papers, some of the tables also were covered with them; iron-bound chests, round stools covered with grey cloth, and a large desk between the windows, were the only pieces of furniture to be seen here, and showed that this was Mr. Billing's place of business. Two young men worked away industriously at the writing table, and



everything was so silent in the room, that one could only hear the grating sound of the pens, or now and then a thoughtful “Hem—hem !”

After a time, one of the young men stuck his quill behind his ear, took out his watch, and said impatiently, “What the devil has come to our good dame, that she sends us no coffee?”

“The old woman cannot yet have awoke from her afternoon nap,” replied the other, indifferently.

At the same moment the door opened, and Mr. Billing himself entered. Although already past the age, that one can lay claim to being called handsome, still his tall figure, bent more by sorrow than by years, and the pale, mild, expressive face, formed a perfect combination of what one might call attractive, and Mr. Billing was an estimable, good-natured, agreeable old man.

As he entered the room, something excited by chance the attention of the young men ; for they had, through surprise, forgotten to rise with proper respect. He greeted them in his usual kind and easy way ; but a certain



haste betrayed itself in his whole manner, during the few minutes which he spent in speaking to his clerks. It could easily be seen that his haste was not of that nature which belongs to business life. He was in the highest degree absent, gave orders and then retracted them, asked several times about the same thing, and made, in short, all those faults which happen when the soul takes wing, which means, when it pleases the phantasy to play variations to the theme of every day occupations; and when this comes to pass, discord must arise.

Mr. Billing must quickly have perceived this, for without wasting one word more upon the affairs which had brought him into the office, he seized his English hat, fastened on his cloak with great precision, arranged his dress, and took his departure.

The two who remained behind, had not yet had time to laugh over their astonishment, when the door opened to allow Mrs. Walberg's stout person to step in, bearing a waiter containing the warm coffee.

“ Welcome ! welcome ! What was mother

thinking of to let us sit here and waste away from desire, first after herself, as is befitting, and then after her own little golden cups, our delight ?”

“ Well ! see now ! set it nicely down,” begged one of the gentlemen ; whilst the other cleared away a quantity of books from a chair, and invited the old woman to take a seat.

“ Now, I must say, you gentlemen are too polite,” said Mrs. Walberg.

“ Not at all ! not at all ! but tell us,” asked one, “ good mother, what has got into the old gentleman’s head to-day ? He was dressed out as if he were a bridegroom.”

“ And in a state of confusion which passed all bounds,” cried the other.

“ Now, you ask too many questions at once, gentlemen ; pray let me have time, in heaven’s name, to collect my thoughts.”

It was evident that Mrs. Walberg only wished to tease them by her delay, in order to give more importance to her communication.

“ Dear, good, sweet Mrs. Walberg, we are dying of curiosity ! During the five years

that we have been here together, the old man has never crossed the threshold of his sanctuary otherwise than in a dressing-gown or working dress; and now his unusual conduct! Tell us, then, quickly the truth!"

"Well, if you will promise me to be silent, I may relate to you that a great change is going to take place, here, in the house. I perceived long ago that something was in the wind; for several evenings I heard him sighing so much, that it went to my heart, and saying at the same time, 'It is so lonely here! It might be different if——' He has several times began thus; but always ended with *if*. But yesterday evening his tongue was loosened. Just as I was about to wish him 'Good Night,' he said, 'Stay a little, Mrs. Walberg. You have now, for twelve years, managed my household to my perfect satisfaction; but this does not suffice for my desires; life is so joyless to a single person, that I long for a companion to cheer its dark portions, one who *could* and *would* make me happy; in a word, I intend to marry. The lady is young and inexperienced; therefore it is my wish and

desire, that you, Mrs. Walberg, will remain in future, as formerly, the superintendent of the cooking department, and as housekeeper to conduct the affairs for my young bride.' I cried a great deal, and assured the worthy gentleman that I should always remain faithful to his house in life and death. And now, you gentlemen, may believe that he has gone out upon a wooing errand."

The two clerks were almost speechless with surprise at such unexpected news.

"Yet one question more," said one of them. "Who is the lucky person who is to become governor of this Peru?"

"Yes, that is just the most astonishing thing of all; and you would never guess, Sir, that the happy person is just the poorest girl in the whole town, namely, Miss von Horst."

"Marie von Horst!" exclaimed both at the same moment. "Well, she will be an enchanting patroness. What a delight to have her opposite one at table every day! I must go into the cellar, and get a bottle of Madeira, that we may drink to the old gentleman's good intentions, and to his success," said one

of the young men, seizing a large bunch of keys.

“Dont be in such a hurry,” said the other. “There may be obstacles in the way, which our good old friend has not taken into consideration. At the last sledge party, Doctor Klein drove Miss von Horst, and every one could see what he thought of her. I think I can perceive beforehand that Mr. Billing, with all his riches, will not be able to stand against such a rival, except, perhaps, in the eyes of the mother.”

“Ah! gossip!” interrupted Mrs. Walberg, “It is all nonsense; the maiden will certainly have a little reason, and what she has not, her mother has, and eyes for both. But I must now see after my many occupations. However it may end, remember that you are silent,” exhorted the old woman, as she quitted the room in company with her above mentioned little golden cups, which the gentlemen had emptied, during the conversation.

Meanwhile Mr. Billing wended his solemn steps through the streets towards the well-

known small house at the northern gate. As Mrs. von Horst saw her old esteemed friend, so decorated, and thoughtful in his whole appearance, take his place by her upon the sofa, many strange thoughts began to revolve in her brain. Her sharp eyes had already remarked several times a certain attention, and some significant glances which Mr. Billing had cast on her daughter; but this was by no means a sufficiently decided sign with old people, and she had never thought of the possibility of a marriage between the wealthy Billing and Marie.

“Hem—hem! Extremely annoying that Klein should just be away at this time! If the old gentleman be in earnest, he will wish to have a decided answer. Hem—hem! how is one to conduct one’s self? If the maiden were only reasonable!”

Here followed three doubtful hems; for it was more than certain, that Marie would *not* be reasonable.

“It is very unfortunate that the Doctor on the last evening he visited us did not make



known his intentions. Now I shall be in a fix and can neither say yes nor no."

Thus terminated Mrs. von Horst's quickly changeable train of thoughts, whilst Marie poured out the coffee, and Mr. Billing studied the introduction to his coming discourse. The elder lady and gentleman, occupied by their own reflections, maintained a silence which Marie could not understand, but which she considered it necessary to break.

"Allow me, uncle," said the maiden, who had been accustomed since her childhood to look upon Billing as a second father, "to fill your pipe?" Without waiting for an answer, she ran out, and soon returned with the pipe and a burning waxlight.

"Thank you, thank you, my sweet girl," said the merchant, taking the pipe and kissing her hand.

"Now, truly," cried Marie, laughing, "uncle is so extremely polite in his old days that our young men might take example by him."

"Eh, how old do you think I am then?" said Billing, in a tone which expressed slight displeasure and vexation, "as you think that



such politeness is carried too far for my years."

"I don't exactly know, dear uncle, something between forty and fifty I should think ; but what I am certain of is this, that it was not my intention to hurt you by my jest ; you know I am a foolish creature."

"You are a good child," answered he, perfectly appeased, "but you are also a sensible girl ; therefore I have a little proposition to make to you."

Mrs. von Horst scarcely ventured to breathe.

"You know," continued Billing, "that every year I choose from my lady acquaintances a hostess, who manages my *fête* ; this day does not arrive until a fortnight after Midsummer-day—but I wish to ask you in good time, if you will undertake this office on the next occasion ?"

"Oh ! Uncle Billing ! you surprise me most agreeably ! Do I deserve the distinction of representing the hostess at a festival to which the whole town looks forward as the most agreeable one of the year ?"

Mrs. von Horst had remained silent, but full

of anxiety. As long as Marie did not find out what he was aiming at, all would go well enough; but the mother dreaded that as soon as she did she would at once say "No!" and his intention was evident to her.

"Marie! Marie!" with this exclamation Mrs. von Horst checked the proposal which was already hovering upon Mr. Billing's lips, for she saw that it would require some dexterity to save the game.

"Water! water, child! I am so ill!" cried she, in a half-dying voice, and the terrified girl rushed out in a moment.

"Excuse me," said she, in a trembling tone to her guest, and left the room before Marie returned with the water.

"Oh! dear mamma, what is it?" asked the alarmed daughter, holding the glass to her lips.

"It is only a giddiness, my child; it will soon be over. But I have just thought of something which you must quickly procure for me."

The mother contrived to give Marie as many commissions in the town as she thought

would occupy the time that Mr. Billing might yet remain.

After these wise arrangements, she returned to the drawing-room perfectly recovered, and made many excuses that Marie, who had promised to spend the evening with a friend, could not come back, but she hoped, with a gracious smile, that she and her old friend would nevertheless be able to spend the time together alone.

“On the whole,” answered Billing, “I am just as glad of it, and I address myself as an upright man, upon a question of great importance to you—the mother. You know my position in life; will you, if your daughter has nothing to say against it, give me her hand in marriage?”

“My much esteemed friend,” replied Mrs. von Horst, with dignity, “you do me and my daughter great honour by this proposal, and I cannot sufficiently express to you my gratitude for your confidence; but Marie is still very young. I hope, therefore, you will not take it amiss if she should desire a little time for reflection.”

“Certainly not! certainly not!” replied Mr. Billing, much pleased; for, from the eloquent and obliged tone of Mrs. von Horst’s voice, he hoped for the best. “That is quite reasonable, my dear madam; and with your leave, I shall come to receive her answer to-morrow evening.”

But as it by no means agreed with the good woman’s plan that the time for reflection should be so short, she ventured very politely to insinuate another little condition, namely—that Marie should not be obliged to make up her mind so soon, and that she should be allowed at least a fortnight for reflection.

“Although I do not see,” replied Billing, “why so long a time is necessary, I will nevertheless await with patience her will. It must be understood, my dear madam, that she must not be persuaded to it. I will have her ‘Yes,’ freely and unconstrained, or not at all; and, according to the agreement which we have just made, we will meet each other this day fortnight.”

After these words the enamoured merchant took his leave.

“ A fortnight,” said Mrs. von Horst, laying her finger thoughtfully on her lip, “ that cannot fail ; and if Klein has not appeared by that time, I wish he may never return ; for then perhaps nothing would come of it, and I must in such cases act as a mother : the girl is still quite a child, and the less time left her for reflection the better. She would, were I now to beg her to take the matter into consideration, set heaven and earth in motion to put an end to it. No—I shall be silent as long as I can ; that will be the best way.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE RETURN, AND ITS NECESSARY CONSEQUENCES.

ABOUT ten days after the above mentioned occurrences, a carriage, drawn by a pair of wearied post-horses, toiled through the snowy road towards the town. It was already late in the evening, and the traveller, in whom we recognize our Doctor, reached his lonely dwelling without having met a single acquaintance. Fatigued and excited by what had taken place, and what was still to take place, he hastened to seek a few hours uneasy slumber. The report of his arrival had soon spread through the town, and he had hardly risen the following morning when friends and acquaintances poured in, to welcome him and to

lament his mourning. It was only in the afternoon that he could get a free hour to visit her who awaited him with such earnest anxiety, and to whom he was to bid farewell for ever. This visit was so painful and of such a critical nature, that our hero was quite undecided how he should conduct himself. But it *must* take place, and with heavy steps, and a still heavier heart, he betook himself to the house which he used formerly to visit with such pleasure. Mrs. von Horst was paying a visit to a friend of hers that afternoon, so Marie was alone when Klein entered.

With an exclamation of joy, she sprung up from her work, but stepped back a few paces, confused and alarmed, as she perceived the marked change in his behaviour and bearing, in fact in his whole appearance.

Klein made a silent bow, and whilst he was endeavouring to command his emotion Marie recovered herself, offered him a chair, and said with deep sympathy :—

“ I perceive by your dress, the sad loss you have sustained, and by your looks, how deeply you mourn him who is gone ; but calm your-



self, dear Doctor Klein, and let hope and peace return again to your soul ! ”

“ Oh Marie ! do not speak to me of peace and hope ; of the last there is none for me, and the first I shall only regain when the beating of this miserable heart shall have ceased for ever ! ”

“ Oh heavens ! how can you speak so ? Has any other misfortune then happened to you, besides your father’s death ? ”

“ Yes ; my father’s death has brought on a still greater misfortune than his decease, much as I loved him, Oh, Marie ! ” added he, pressing her hand in his convulsively, “ that was a dreadful hour—” He became so pale and excited that the poor girl began to tremble in every limb.

“ In heaven’s name, dear Klein,” whispered Marie, beseechingly, “ if I can lessen your grief, speak ; this suspense is quite unbearable.”

“ Yes, dearest Marie, I will speak, for I must. Do you remember my last words to you at Halleberg ? I begged you then to think of me, as I would always think of you.”

Marie bowed her head as a sign that she remembered it.

“ Well, then, we have for a long time, without speaking, understood each other ; and you therefore knew that I did not mean only that slight exchange of thoughts which may take place between acquaintances during a short separation, but that harmony of soul and feelings which beings deeply interested in each other—beings who have the same hopes—share, far or near.”

He paused, and regarded her with such a sad look, that she had very nearly burst into tears. “ Dearest Marie, was it not so ?” asked he.

“ Yes,” she answered scarcely audibly, and with a suppressed sigh.

“ What would you say, now, if it were a crime for me to think of you ?”

As Klein uttered these words, his emotion became so violent, that he could hardly speak. A burning tear fell upon the hand which he held in his. At a moment when feeling and duty are, as it were, in what is to be a death-struggle to the one or the other, and the last

comes off victorious, at such a moment a tear may be excused even in the eye of a man. For if the materials of which man is made have taken a harder form, still he need not be ashamed of possessing the feelings attendant on a painful sacrifice.

Marie looked up, their eyes met, and the expression in his made her blood run icy cold.

“ I do not understand what kind of a crime it could be ? ” but at this moment her eyes fell upon the ring. She pointed to it ; he made an affirmative motion with his head.

“ Engaged ? ” whispered she, so softly that one might have fancied it was only the lisp of a spirit’s voice.

A simple “ yes ” shook his compressed lips.

Marie’s head sank down upon her hand, and the whiteness of the lily spread over the features which had just been blooming with the natural beauty of a rose ; the lips, which a moment before had smiled at the joys of life, now grew cold ; her eyes closed, and she would have fallen down insensible, if Klein had not supported her, and by eager endea-

vours, in which the lover gave place to the physician, brought her back to sad reality. But as she opened her eyes again, and looked at him with an expression of the greatest grief, his sorrow became unbearable.

“ You despise me, Marie, and yet, God knows how innocent I am ! ”

“ I ! *I* despise you ! ” answered she, her voice becoming stronger again ; “ without one word of explanation, I look upon you as innocent. No, Klein ! you stand too high in my esteem to be able to fall so suddenly. I would sooner die than lose the belief in your integrity ; therefore I am convinced that you have been forced to give yourself up to the inevitable commands of fate.”

“ Oh ! beloved Marie ! your words elevate me at this moment to heaven ; I see at present one of its holiest angels before me. Your innocent belief, and your firm persuasion, convince me that you will forgive and pity me when you have heard the circumstances which have destroyed the happiness of my life, the rock on which my dearest hopes have been shattered.”

Klein now communicated to her all particulars, and endeavoured as calmly as possible to make them perceptible to Marie. When he had finished, she remained some minutes silent ; then getting up, she held out her hand to him, saying, “ I perceive you could not have acted otherwise, and we must part for this life ; but our thoughts may meet in prayer for our mutual tranquillity,—in prayer to Him before whose decrees we must bow in humble submission, even when they do not agree with our own wishes. He will give us strength to bear the burden which he has laid upon us, and will assuredly one day grant that we may be united in that happier world where there shall be no more separation.”

“ Ah ! you angel,” cried Klein ; “ you cannot know or comprehend the pain which fills my heart, but well for you that it is so !”

“ Do not speak thus,” she replied softly ; “ but this visit must not be lengthened ; we must part. Farewell Klein ! God bless you, and make you and her happy !”

“ Oh ! farewell, farewell ! beloved, and only one that I have ever loved ! My life’s good

angel, pray for me !” he stammered, pressing a slight kiss upon her brow.

She flew to her lonely chamber, where, bathed in tears, she sank upon her knees in silent prayer, calling upon Him to whom she confidently raised her eyes, in this the first hour of trial with which she had met in her young inexperienced life.

Waldemar was still standing there, with his eyes fixed on the door through which she had disappeared, forgetting everything except that he had lost her who was so inexpressibly dear to him, when Mrs. von Horst returned from her visit, and found him in a state which was perfectly unintelligible to her.

“ In heaven’s name, Doctor Klein, what *has* happened ? Welcome to our house ! I should first have said. But tell me why you look so miserable ? Why are you alone here, and where is Marie ? ”

All these questions fell like a thunderbolt upon him. To be thus catechised was the highest of misfortunes.

“ I will answer you as well as I can, Mrs. von Horst. I am indeed ill, and Marie has



gone away, as we have just bade farewell to each other, and——.”

“What!” interrupted she sharply, “already taken leave again! Have the goodness to explain this to me a little more distinctly.”

“I should already have followed your wishes, gracious lady, if you had not interrupted me,” answered Klein, hurt at Mrs. von Horst’s tone. He had now again to repeat all the circumstances of the sad story; and it was no easy task to choose, and to place the words so that they should bear their full meaning, without too much offending her motherly pride. If Klein did not really possess sufficient tact for this, or if Mrs. von Horst found her advantage in his account, is not known; but enough that she had listened to him quietly, and at the conclusion of his relation answered: “You have given a too beautiful example of filial obedience,—an example which I shall hold up as a pattern to every one in future.”

In these last words there lay a dash of irony which Klein misunderstood.

“Your words sound very ambiguous,” said



he, coldly, "and mine were probably not calculated to awaken your sympathy; but perhaps you have not rightly comprehended them?"

"It is very possible, Doctor Klein, that I cannot comprehend the meaning of your words, but you have my entire approbation of the way in which you have acted. Allow me to explain what prompted the expressions which sounded ambiguous to you. Mr. Billing proposed two weeks ago for Marie; you may surmise why I have as yet not troubled my daughter with this proposal. I shall now do so; for in three days he is coming to receive her answer."

"What!" cried Klein, impetuously, and life and movement returned again to the statue; "is it my example that you will hold up to her? Do you not perceive, then, the real difference between *my* position, which leaves me no other choice, and *hers*? Oh! do not be so cruel; do not wound her feelings and mine so deeply," said he, much agitated.

"My good Doctor," replied Mrs. von Horst, very graciously, "I desire Marie's happiness.

I had very much wished it in another way ; but now, you yourself know best that this cannot happen. Therefore it appears to me, that in fulfilling the wishes of her mother, and being united to a man of such generally acknowledged uprightness, she cannot be unhappy. Besides, time will reconcile her to her fate."

Klein (who was quite confounded by this unforeseen news) shook his head incredulously.

" I do not venture to say a word against it," said he, in a low voice, though with much bitterness ; " you will not, however, force her against her will ?"

" I shall do what duty requires of me, and leave the rest to God and her own heart," answered she, with emotion.

Klein pressed her hand thankfully. For the first time the mother showed that she was not indifferent to the feelings of her daughter. With heartfelt and deep emotion, she clasped her beloved child in her arms, and Marie found herself, by this lively and sincere sympathy, almost happy. She dried her tears, and

assured her maternal friend that she was strong, and could make herself worthy of her kindness and affection.

If Mrs. von Horst had now been wise enough to have left the girl for some time to her own silent and serious reflections, as also to the enjoyment of her mother's warm interest in her destiny, everything might have gone well ; but she wished, like so many other mothers, "to strike the iron whilst it was hot," without reflecting how much she injured, by her eagerness, the cause which she desired to advance.

Principally because Mrs. von Horst held her own conviction to be without error, and as she thought she would be best able to work upon Marie in her present state of mind, she took the opportunity to lay before her Mr. Billing's proposal, and its advantages. She described them in glowing colours, mentioned the promise to give an answer in three days, and lastly, the joy which she would cause her mother by her consent, whose defenceless old age, like her youth, required a protector.

All these representations made the same impression upon Marie, as if she had been gazing at the changing pictures in a magic lantern. She answered little or nothing, neither "yes," nor "no," but only begged to be allowed to retire to rest, as her head ached, so that she could hardly hold it up. Mrs. von Horst was pleased, — she wished nothing more ; that Marie had not made any objection went beyond what she had ventured to hope, and she thought she might look upon the affair as almost quite settled. How the girl's real state, her hidden sorrow, the doubts of her mother's sincere sympathy, joined to the blow which she had received, would work upon her,—*that* her mother could not understand. Her hopes rested upon the next day, but with this came no improvement. Marie was too weak, and really too unwell to be able to enter into conversation with her, and the day following, Mrs. von Horst's disquietude reached to the highest pitch. The appointed time was near, and it came, but not as she had expected.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning.

The two Doctors Faye and Klein, in serious conversation with each other, were passing up the principal street, when they heard hasty steps behind them, and a voice crying, "Stop, Doctor, pray stop!" They both turned round, uncertain for which of them this eager entreaty was intended, and immediately perceived Mrs. von Horst's servant-maid, Stinchen.

"My lady sends her compliments to Doctor Faye, and begs that he will be so good as to come quickly to her."

"Well, why so, my little maid?" asked he; "is your lady ill?"

"No, sir, *she* is not, but the young lady is very ill, with a strong fever, and this morning she has become delirious."

Klein's situation was not enviable.

"How soon can I meet you again?" asked he of Faye, with affected tranquillity.

"In the middle of the day, at my own home," answered the other, and disappeared with the servant.

To Waldemar the hours which had to pass until noon seemed an age. His patients had never found the friendly and compassionate

Doctor so unkind and gloomy as to-day. At last one o'clock struck, and instantly after he stood at the door of Faye's study.

"Well?" was the short question.

"What?" asked the other, smiling.

"Excuse me," continued Klein, "I wished to know how Miss von Horst is?"

"Ah! I quite forgot that! She has a nervous fever. It is dreadful," added he, seeming not to notice his friend's agitation, "how that malady is spreading in this part of the town."

"There is no appearance of danger though?" asked Klein in a tone to which he in vain endeavoured to give firmness. It betrayed, however, far more than a common sympathy; and therefore Faye, who had now perceived the true state of things, answered with a slight degree of irony,—

"You must yourself know that in an illness of this kind it is impossible to answer one day for the consequences of the next. Thank God that your young fiancée does not write you such bad news. From the knowledge which I possess of women in general, I am



certain she would have knit her proud brow if she had seen your appearance on this occasion."

"Do you think so?" replied Waldemar, who, the moment his intended was mentioned, regained his composure. "That would not become her, in my eyes; for I demand what I give, confidence, and do not allow my honour to be questioned." The last words were accompanied by a raising of the voice, which his host understood very well; but far from feeling hurt, he said jestingly—

"You vex yourself unnecessarily, my good fellow! I had no other means of restoring you again, as you had, it appeared to me, just got an attack of the fearful fever yourself. Believe me," added he, sincerely, "I meant it well, and acted as a friend should always do."

They understood each other perfectly, shook hands, and changed the conversation.

At the appointed time, Mr. Billing received the following letter from Mrs. von Horst :—



“My much honoured friend,

“It is with the greatest pain that I inform you, that the day which I hoped, and had every reason to believe, would end to our satisfaction, is turned, on the contrary, into a day of sorrow.

“Marie has been taken ill with a nervous fever, and Doctor Faye, who has been here cannot yet say how it may end. In the mean time let us hope for the best, and remember that what is put off is not broken off.

“I am, with the greatest esteem,

“Your obedient servant,

“SOPHIE VON HORST.”

Good old Mr. Billing, who had felt himself so happy on this day, and had been quite enlivened at the idea of the agreeable life which he would bestow upon his young wife in return for her hand and tender good will,—for he did not extend his claim further,—became so discouraged at this freak of fate, that he had almost banished the whole affair from his mind. He blew the smoke in large whirlwinds out of his pipe, till he was quite

enveloped in clouds. This was his favourite habit when he was reflecting, and it had always the effect of consoling and cheering him.

After some time, he cried,

“Listen, dear Mrs. Walberg ; I shall dine here alone in my room to-day.” Two or three embarrassed coughs followed, and then he continued, “We will not have our little fête this evening ; hem—hem—hem. In a word, nothing will come of it—at least for the present.”

These orders were evidently annoying to Billing. Mrs. Walberg retired silently.

In the afternoon, when she took the coffee to the gentlemen in the counting-room, she made up for it by a furious attack upon Mrs. von Horst and her daughter ; and at the same time struck her little golden cups so violently, that they upset, and the warm contents were spilled over herself and the gentlemen, instead of disappearing, as they were meant to do, in quite a different way.

## CHAPTER VIII.

JULIE—FATE—FRIGHT AND CONFUSION.

ONE beautiful and clear May morning, when smiling, blooming nature, in its luxuriant splendour, seemed to invite all mankind to the peace and enjoyment of her tranquil pleasures, the mistress of Knapergaard, the beautiful Julie, stood at one of its highest windows, and gazed out upon the distant space.

It was not this young lady's usual custom to leave her bed-chamber at the early hour at which she had to-day risen. But what influence can even the everyday sameness of habit have over that undefined uneasiness, that restless spinning-wheel of feelings, which the

dark, mysterious power of fate sets in motion, in order to prepare the human mind for an impression as yet unmade, except by a vague presentiment?

It was this, an extremely strange disquietude, which had kept Julie awake almost the whole night, and which had brought her out thus early. This anxiety and singular state of mind were now, since she had been engaged to Waldemar, no longer so unusual to her as in former days, when her life had had only two objects in view, to please and to command. Now and then, better and nobler feelings had sprung up in her mind. These opening buds produced in other ground, would, perhaps, with tender care, have developed themselves into flowers, and then into splendid fruits; but they wanted a dexterous hand to rear them, so they remained, unfortunately, only buds, which became overgrown by the rapidly-spreading weeds, that the soil produced too quickly.

Julia St. Hal, early robbed by death of the guiding care of a good mother, had been sent, at the age of twelve years, to one of the most

fashionable schools, where the education of the young ladies was supposed to be carefully attended to. Her external appearance was perfected in a high degree; but her mind remained excessively neglected. The foundation of her nature was pride and vanity, which were not lessened by any of the more favourable dispositions. But she well knew what was right; and possessed an abundance of warm and good feelings, though they were constantly at war with her two principal faults, and had generally to yield to them.

When, after an absence of three years, she returned home, she delighted every one by her beauty, her talents, her lively and agreeable manners, even by her pride, and the brilliant tone, which she knew how to assume, for she did it all with grace. When to these charms were added that of the large fortune which she had to expect, it was quite natural that she should be excessively admired. Fortune-hunters came from all quarters to draw lots for her favour. She amused herself with them all, without giving any one the preference. This was a wide field for her vanity, and over

which she willingly hunted; but at the same time taking great care not to wound her game, and thereby to scare them.

The house of Mr. St. Hal had always been considered hospitable; but since Julie had taken the superintendence over her father's housekeeping (as far as the right of carrying out all the plans, which a capricious mind could devise, deserves this name), the hospitality had increased to such an extent, that Mr. St. Hal often groaned in private, and wished that his daughter would soon make a choice, that all this noise and bustle might cease. The summer previous to that in which the events happened, which we are at present relating, Waldemar had, whilst he was visiting his relations at Brünkenäs, renewed his acquaintance with Julie. When children they had often played together, as he, Gustavus, Caroline, and Julie, had been constantly in the habit of meeting. He had not seen her for many years; not since she had been at school. It was with him, as with most others, he became quite dazzled by her outward charms, and showed her much attention; but at the



same time, his feelings were not interested to such a degree, that they could conquer his better judgment, or even command it. He soon perceived that she was flighty, proud, and peevish; qualities which in no ways coincided with the picture he had sketched of his future wife. He laid Julie's faults in one scale, and her beauty, fortune, and merits in the other. Now he balanced them up and down; but he could not succeed in finding the equilibrium. The scale in which the best lay, flew in the air; the other sunk; and thereupon Waldemar took his determination. He could the more easily carry it out, as he had never uttered a word about love to her.

At this time he applied for, and obtained the appointment of a physician in W——. He then became acquainted with Marie, and forgot even that there was a Julie; of which fact, however, by after events, he was too soon reminded.

With Julie it was just the contrary. She knew, and was perfectly convinced, that she warmly and sincerely loved Waldemar. He possessed her esteem in the highest degree;



and she felt certain that with no other man on earth, would she find that happiness, which a union with him would bestow on her. With such feelings one would have expected from her a more prudent way of acting, than formerly ; but her old desire to assure herself of her power, injured her. This she herself perceived, and therefore had recourse to even a worse method, namely, that of making him jealous, by confiding to him her numerous conquests, and the way in which she dealt with them. As even this resource failed, she determined to hide the real feelings of her heart, to act as if she preferred all others to him, and to display the greatest coldness and indifference. But when he, tired of all her caprices, took his departure without having declared himself, she was bitterly vexed at herself for her behaviour, cursed her frivolity, dismissed her admirers, and determined to make a complete revolution in her head and her heart.

During these plans of improvement, which were really already partly put into execution, old Klein proposed for her hand for Waldemar.

Having so unexpectedly obtained her wish, she put off her improvement to another time. Waldemar's changed and almost cold behaviour, now gave her thoughts and dreams a new direction. He who had enjoyed the high distinction of being granted her voluntary "Yes," ought not to appear so thankless. She could not understand it; and his letters by no means spoke of that longing to see her, or of the painful sense of her absence, which she would so willingly have heard; on the contrary, they all bore the stamp of unmistakable calmness, though they evinced a noble way of thinking, and much delicacy of feeling. In short, Julie found that his was not the language of love, and became rather uneasy about it; to this was added the loss of her departed admirers, for whom, in her modest intended, she had rather too small a compensation. She therefore wrote to Waldemar, and begged him to come to Knapergaard. But either he had no inclination to do so, or his pretext was real, when he answered, that a severe nervous fever was raging in W——, which prevented the physicians from leaving it. Be that as it may, he

did not come, and now her pride began to take the alarm.

Hope did sometimes whisper to her *He will come* ; but this hope deceived her ; and in vain her eyes gazed upon the road, over which her thoughts floated, in anxiety and longing.

On this same morning, as Julie was thus occupied, she discovered, with the help of her eyeglass, a dark speck in the valley. Little by little the object became more apparent, and at last it appeared to be a carriage, with two travellers in it. A curve in the road, which led to the house, prevented her from seeing it distinctly. Her curiosity now became excited to the utmost.

But if an astrologer had now set his horoscope, he would not certainly have found the constellations favourable. The planet which decided her destiny stood ready to take another course from what had before been calculated. Fate, and her own weakness, decided its direction. Julie, impatient that she did not recognize the travellers who were enveloped in their cloaks, cried out to Caroline, who had just entered the room.

“My dear! come and see who these gentlemen are, in the little carriage there, on the road. Do you think one of them is Waldemar?”

If Julie had looked at Caroline she would soon have guessed, that *she* at least recognized one in the carriage. But Julie had something else to do, a renewed “Well, what do you say?” brought Caroline to her usual calm self-possession.

“That is not Waldemar; but it strikes me it is your brother. The other is an officer.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Julie, clapping her hands for joy, “that is delightful; for if Gustavus is one, the other must assuredly be the Baron von K——, of whom, you remember, he wrote us. Heaven be praised! I shall now bid adieu for at least some time to this tiresome and monotonous life. Dear Caroline,” said she, turning to her, who remained standing at the window, whilst Julie was quickly examining herself before the glass, “I know that you are not so particular, or if you will, not so vain, as I

am ; do pray receive the gentlemen, whilst I dress myself."

Instead of answering, Caroline uttered a piercing shriek, and flew as fast as lightning from the room. Julie was quickly at the window, and just in time to witness part of a fearful spectacle.

The carriage which was small and very slight, had almost arrived at the top of the hill, when the linch-pin gave way, the horses shied, and broke the traces, and the carriage slipped down the hill again with such rapidity, that it and the travellers disappeared in one moment, while the gaping postilion could do nothing but look after it. Julie saw this, but she neither screamed nor fainted. She opened the window ; not a sound was to be heard from the unfortunate individuals in the valley below. Caroline and all the servants hastened out ; even old St. Hal forgot his gout, and hobbled after them. Julie stood unmoved.

"I can do good," said she, softly, as if she would thus secure herself from the reproaches, which her better self made to her for the

heartlessness, with which she looked on at the misfortune of her brother and his friend. "If Gustavus were alone, I would not hesitate a moment; but—the Baron—how little to my advantage should I show myself at present, and the first impression!" A soft warning voice from the depths of her heart, whispered Waldemar's name. "Oh!" said she aloud, as if she wished to drown it, "Waldemar is much too indifferent, and I don't intend to set up a nunnery in Knapergaard." Her eye now fell on the betrothal ring, and her love for the absent one burst forth in a deep sigh. But oh! frivolity and vanity again raised their heads, and they soon established themselves, not only in her head, but in her heart. She drew the silent witness of her lost freedom from her finger, and putting it into a box, said, "I love Waldemar more than my life; but I think I have been too weak and blind. Until he returns again and I can read in his eyes and heart, that feeling which I wish and have a right to expect, I shall not wear this ring."

She hastily closed the lid and placed herself



behind the drawn curtains, so as to see down into the valley. Julie was not bad hearted, but, like thousands of her fellow-beings, she had never troubled herself seriously to examine her feelings and the motives of her actions. She might be likened to hieroglyphics, and she paid homage to the inspiration of the moment, whatever this might be, when she only in her vanity reckoned upon an ally.

In the mean time Caroline and the book-keeper of the estate were first upon the ridge of the hill, but no traces appeared of the travellers, not even a sound, which could make known to them where they were to be found. They searched down the side of the declivity, and at length discovered the carriage turned over and entangled in thick shrubs. The groom, who had also reached the spot, on laying hold of the carriage to set it right, perceived his young master, who, covered with blood and insensible, lay under it, though the bushes had prevented its falling on him.

He had been thrown with his head against the wheel, and it was a great wonder that he had not been dashed to pieces upon a heap



of stones, which was lying near. For one moment they all stood mute with horror. Caroline was the first to recover her presence of mind; and whilst the book-keeper and some other persons raised the young man and bore him towards the lawn, she gave orders that a hand-barrow should be procured upon which to remove him, and then hastened to meet old Mr. St. Hal, in order to prepare him for what had happened, and remind him to dispatch a messenger immediately for a surgeon.

In the mean time, she tried water, vinegar, eau de Cologne ; in short, everything that can be obtained for use in such an emergency, in the country, but without success. It was only after young Mr. St. Hal had received all the care which circumstances demanded, that Caroline remembered that he had a travelling companion. Nobody had thought of the poor Captain in the confusion; now, however, Caroline, the book-keeper, and two or three gaping maid-servants, proceeded to search for him; and after they had continued their voyage of discovery for some time in every direction, without success, the sound of low, disjointed

oaths, conducted them at last to the other side of the thick bushes, in which the carriage had been upset.

“That, at least, is a good sign,” cried the book-keeper, springing down.

Here, in this marshy hole, lay our old acquaintance, the Baron von K——, in an extremely disagreeable situation. “What the devil!—curse it—oh!—oh!—ah!—ah!—does nobody think of me?” He in vain endeavoured to raise himself upon his feet; one of his arms was put out of joint, and one foot sprained. As often as he tried with his sound arm to support himself upon the mud, his foot pained him so much, that he slipped back into his former position. His patience was almost exhausted, and now there lay the son of Mars, the conquered hero, floundering in the mud, an object of laughter as well as of pity. When Brink, the worthy book-keeper (who had some difficulty in keeping his risible faculties, in order), became aware of the Baron’s dilemma, and inability to raise himself, he begged Caroline to go on before, while he and the servants would remove the sufferer. Whereupon he

seized the Captain round the body, the troop of attendants jumped into the bushes to do the same service to his legs, and thus with united strength, they carried off the afflicted hero,—groaning from anger and pain, and covered with mud,—and placed him on the grass.

“I hope,” said Brink—a gentlemanly-looking young man—“that you are not seriously hurt?”

“I am confoundedly shaken,” answered the Baron, sharply.

“I am sorry,” continued the former, somewhat annoyed at this short answer; “but as the deplorable condition of young Mr. St. Hal requires our attention, you must excuse me, if I beg you to go up to the house, and if you are not able to do so alone, perhaps you will rest upon my arm. I presume it is Captain von K——, whom I have the honour to address? My name is Brink, book-keeper at the mines here,” added he, with a polite bow.

“Excuse me, Mr. Brink, but the confounded pain in my arm makes me forget everything!”

said the Captain, with an insinuating smile, "I am very much obliged to you for thinking about a stranger in the midst of all this confusion."

Brink was easily reconciled, and after he had helped the Baron up, and put a strong walking-stick into his unhurt hand, they achieved their journey to the house in safety. Brink conducted the Captain into one of the chambers appropriated to guests, and after he had helped him out of his ill-fated travelling coat, he left him, well embedded in sofa pillows, to his reflections.

These reflections soon turned to the odd manner in which he had actually entered this house, so different from the way in which he had wished to have made his first appearance there. But as the frustration of hopes is a trick which fate plays to every one, the Baron consoled himself with the idea, "Nothing is so bad that it is not good for something. This accident will furnish a capital excuse for escaping the exercising, and the time well applied, may make the end better than the beginning has been. I remember having read

in some poem that, 'time brings roses.' In the mean while I hope they will soon bring a clever surgeon here, and then, that they will not forget the dinner—and me, in all this disorder."

## CHAPTER IX.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE HOUSE, AND THE CAPTAIN'S  
INTRODUCTION.

NEARLY four days had passed since the occurrence of the events above related. The Doctor had pronounced that decisive word *hope*, based, however, on the continuance of extreme care and of strict attention to his orders. For two days Gustavus St. Hal had lain insensible ; then followed a burning fever with delirium. Though he was in great danger the Doctor did not give him over ; but he declared that it would be a long time before the patient perfectly recovered.

The Captain was just sufficiently injured to

get, according to his wishes, a medical certificate, stating that on account of his severe accident, he was not able to attend the exercising. His, arm, indeed, had swollen very much after it had been set ; but this calamity was nothing in comparison to that, which would not let him force his foot into a boot, whereby he was deprived of the pleasure of paying his respects to the ladies. To allow himself to be seen with his arm slung in a black handkerchief, was practicable; the Captain even thought when he contemplated his figure in the large mirror, that it gave him a very interesting appearance. But to come forth with one foot in a boot and the other in a slipper, would be by no means becoming—and therefore he was obliged to put off his visit for the present, and resort to his old grounds of consolation.

Mr. St. Hal had visited him several times, and the easy agreeable tone in conversation, which the Baron was perfectly capable of assuming, when he thought that it was worth the trouble to do so, so pleased the old gentleman, that he begged the Captain to do in his



house just as if he were at home, with which request the Baron gratefully promised to comply, secretly determining to make use of the permission as long as possible. Some months of the year, at the conclusion of which the purchase-money of his step in the army was to be paid, had already passed away, and the Captain, who did not know that his friend's sister was engaged, had, on this account, very important reasons for his plans.

The marriage between Julie and Waldemar had been decided directly after the departure of Gustavus. He had not the slightest idea of it, as Julie wished to surprise him with the news on his return home. On account of his long illness, it could not be confided to him at first; and after his slow recovery, she (for some reason or other, which she herself knew best) forgot it. Her father, either did not think at all about it, or else he considered Gustavus's state to be still too weak to trouble him with tidings which might work upon his feelings. In short this settled affair was not further mentioned, until a period arrived in which it was drawn forth from the obscurity,

wherein, with or without intention, it had been enveloped.

Early on the evening of the fourth day, the Doctor was to take his leave, and the elder St. Hal accompanied him a short distance on his way, and prolonged the parting moment by a profusion of compliments and thanks, which the other vied with him in returning. During this time Mr. Brink was occupied in placing a card-table in the Captain's room, who, as he could not spend his evening in a more agreeable manner, was delighted at this arrangement.

Whilst he awaited his host's return, he got into conversation with Brink about the excellent way in which the works were carried on, the value of them, the income derived from such a property, and other polite questions, which were, of course, only asked in order to have some subject for conversation. Brink considered them as such, and answered them readily, and in a way which particularly delighted the Baron.

But this Mr. Brink, so often mentioned, deserves a nearer acquaintance.

He was one of those excellent persons who do not hesitate to take upon themselves a multitude of occupations. As head book-keeper he had a great deal to do, and yet he was, in every other respect, all in all at Knapergaard. If, for instance, old St. Hal was confined to the arm-chair with his gout, and his son not at home, Brink undertook the duties of the host, not only in the conversation at the tea-table, but also in every other department. If many strangers were there, he helped Miss Julie to arrange the rooms, and the places at table, and performed divers little services, for which he enjoyed, to the great vexation of the other gentlemen, the pleasure of being allowed to turn over the pages of her music when she played, of drawing patterns for her, and casting up the household accounts, which Julie had to deliver to her father every month. He was also her *true* friend; and the only person from whom she would hear a word of reason, or serious advice. But besides all these offices he had another, namely, in case a third or fourth place was vacant at a card-table, he was always at hand to fill it. In compliance

with such an opportunity, we now leave him in the Captain's room.

Julie, whose patience was exhausted in waiting for the expected interview with the Baron (an interview as anxiously desired by him) who was tired of her sick brother, of the Doctor, who seemed as if he never would go away, and even somewhat vexed at Brink, who was prevented from reading aloud to her, had betaken herself, in the mean while, to her own room, in order to forget, if possible, all these annoyances, by reading "Kenilworth Castle," which work she had brought with her as a companion; and although everyone who has read it will willingly allow, that it answers the most highly raised expectations, we are forced to admit, that it did not satisfy Julie. After she had read a page, she threw the book far away into a corner of the room, and committed the same violent act in regard to two or three other volumes—equally innocent objects—upon which her ill-humour vented itself.

Quite a stranger to such discontented feelings, sat Caroline exhausted by night-watching

and anxiety, alone with the invalid ; for the Doctor had always addressed himself to her and to Mr. Brink, in giving directions about the patient.

Her work had dropped upon her lap ; one tear after another stole down her cheek, as she listened with breathless attention to the disjointed words of the invalid, who had fallen into the uneasy slumber of fever. Shortly after she looked at her watch, and found that it was time for Gustavus to take one of his powders. She quietly mixed it in a little water, woke him, and supported his head whilst he swallowed it, which, contrary to his usual custom, he did without irritation. He recognized her again distinctly, for he held her hand in his, and said, scarcely audibly—

“ Do not leave me, if I go to sleep again ”—after which he soon relapsed into slumber.

Caroline now sat there in a constrained and very painful position, without daring to move, and filled with apprehension lest any one should come in. Her heart beat so loudly, whenever she fancied that she heard a step on the floor of the ante-chamber outside, that she

thought the person approaching would certainly overhear its every stroke, even before opening the door. Her fear was, however, groundless. Young Mr. St. Hal was far from sociable when he was well; now that he was ill, it was very certain, that none of the servants would enter his apartment without having been positively called. They would rather have run half a mile in the most dreadful bad weather for their young master, than have remained a quarter of an hour with Miss Caroline by the invalid's bed. The other members of the house were occupied in the before-named agreeable manner.

But Caroline, who did not know this, could not bear her anxiety any longer, so she drew her hand back.

Gustavus immediately awoke, and looking up distrustfully, whispered—"You wish to get away, why will not Caroline watch even one hour by me?"

"Ah! do not say so, Gustavus!" answered she, happy to hear him speak sensibly, but at the same time disagreeably moved by the displeasure expressed in his look, "I have watched



days and nights by you ! Brink, Julie, and I, and all of us," she added, as she feared she had said too much.

" Ah ! how long has that been ? " asked he.

" Four days ; but do not speak any more, Gustavus, the doctor says it is dangerous."

" Ah ! you dear one," sighed he, looking up beseechingly into her eyes—" Promise me not to go away, and I will be quiet and go to sleep again ; for," he added softly, " I see and speak to you in sleep also."

" I will willingly remain here, Gustavus ; but only not——" she at the same time made a movement to free her hand, which he had taken again—" You must perceive——"

" Yes, yes, I perceive only too well," answered he quickly, letting her go, " that you are capricious and childish, like all other women"—and he, who until now had laid there almost motionless, now turned himself round so hastily, that he uttered a feeble cry, caused by the pain in his wounded head.

Poor Caroline was quite in despair ; she sat there quietly and silently, and wept bitterly, not only over her (as it now appeared



to her) unnecessary embarrassment, but also over Gustavus's harshness. He, whom she thought asleep, because he remained so quiet, heard only too well that she was sobbing; but he was so exhausted that he was not able to speak. After a long and weary time, it seemed to her as if she heard her name whispered. She bent down, stroked his hair from his forehead with her hand, put the other without hesitation into his, and said earnestly to him—

“ Dear Gustavus, say that you forgive me, and that you do not feel worse?”

A gentle smile played upon his lips.—“ I am indeed weak, but happy; do not be afraid, and call no one !”

These words she rather guessed than heard, and although she did not quite like it, she did however, what he begged her. Thus several hours had flown, without his awaking, and she thanked God in her heart when Brink came to relieve her, and assured her that the sleep was quite natural and would be beneficial.

Several days had again passed, and at

length the Captain could make use of his two boots, and he decided upon making his first appearance on the approaching evening, Julie, informed that this long desired hour was at length about to arrive, had arranged her dress with particular care and taste.

The tea was served in the best drawing-room, and she herself was sitting upon a divan before the table, when the folding doors opened, and Mr. St. Hal followed by his guest, entered. Julie, in proud consciousness of her charms, rose, as her father introduced the Captain—Baron von K——, and the simple words “My daughter,” was said in such a tone of proud contentment, that Julie thought her father the pattern of all fathers. Now it was Caroline’s turn, the Captain’s glance, during his slight graceful bow, ran over the young girl’s whole figure.

He, as a connoisseur in beauty, found her appearance very agreeable, but near Julie, this was all that the Baron could admit. He quickly turned to his young hostess and lamented, with the most excessive politeness in tone and expression, that necessity had forced

him to claim his host's hospitality in such a troublesome manner.

"Pray do not call it so," said Julie, "Gustavus's friend can never be a troublesome guest in my father's house. We all sincerely deplore your sad accident."

"With your leave, Mademoiselle," said the Baron, in the tone of voice which was habitual to him in society: "I will make use of your own words, pray do not call it so—I look upon this accident, since you are pleased to term it such, as a most fortunate event, as it permits me to remain longer in Knapergaard than I had ventured to hope, and it is only the critical state of poor Gustavus, which lessens the pleasure I feel in everything here."

"Truly, Captain," said Julie, joking, "you must admit that all the sons of Mars have an invincible inclination to exercise themselves, without regard to time or place, in the artful language of gallantry. I might almost believe that this is a circumstance which you never take into consideration, or perhaps I deceive myself, and you are in reality a lover of soli-

tude. In this case I own that the dark, and unusually gloomy apartment, which you occupy, must be in all respects agreeable to you."

"Although I am seldom guilty of so great a fault as to differ in opinion from a lady, yet I am obliged in this case to make an exception to the rule, for without in the least agreeing with your supposition," said the Baron, smiling ; "I abide with full conviction, by mine, and can assure you that I would not care to exchange this lonely chamber for any other, here, or among all the rooms in the world."

"Well, I must say !" cried Julie, with undisguised surprise, "I never thought that anyone could be so much pleased with a gloomy room. But allow me to offer you a cup of tea ?"

"A cup of nectar you ought to say, Made-moiselle. But—" began the Baron, who perceived it would be against etiquette to speak any longer only to Julie, and therefore, addressed himself to the whole company : "this reminds me of a very comical scene, which Gustavus and I witnessed at a ball in

L——y on the evening before we set off for Copenhagen.”

Now followed the relation of the occurrence with which the reader is already acquainted. When he had finished, Julie, Mr. St. Hal, and Brink, almost killed themselves with laughter, for the Baron had great talent for describing such scenes—Caroline alone, the sweet amiable Caroline, could not laugh. She thought of the poor Baroness von H’s great embarrassment, and as she knew her personally, she could not refrain from exclaiming against the Baron’s sarcastic attack. The conversation soon turned upon other subjects, and among others, Mr. St. Hal asked—

“Have you heard, my daughter, when the wedding is to take place at the vicarage?”

“At Midsummer, papa : and I maintain that the Captain will there have a very nice opportunity of filling his diary with many pleasing little anecdotes, which, being duly adorned by him, he will have much pleasure next winter, in relating in society.”

Mr. St. Hal held up his finger in a threatening manner at his daughter, and, the

Baron, cheered by the lively tone of the conversation, answered :—

“Take care, my dear Miss St. Hal, that I do not circulate little wedding anecdotes about you also.”

“In this case, I wish you all success.”

Caroline was now called away, and as the old gentleman was speaking aside with Brink, the Baron, availing himself of this opportunity, continued—

“Will you permit me to communicate to you, the mysterious attraction, which I have found in my room?”

“With much pleasure: I am extremely curious about it. Perhaps you have seen the faces of some beautiful spirits, commonly called ghosts?”

“Guessed! the face was a heavenly one, although in human form. Every forenoon—from the window which looks out upon the shrubbery—I have seen you walking up and down the paths with the gardener, giving him your directions. In the afternoon, from the window which overlooks the great avenue, I have seen you throwing the ball with Mr.



Brink, or your young friend—and lastly, in the evenings, when I opened my door, I was so unspeakably happy as to be able to catch the sound of your piano forte, which you accompanied by the most melodious voice, I have ever heard. After this explanation, I hope you will perceive that I had good reasons for my happy life in that room.”

“Very much obliged,” replied Julie, smiling, “if the reasons are not so good, it is at least, no fault of the inhabitant. But,” she added, turning it off, “it would give Gustavus very great pleasure, if you would go and see him for a moment before supper: he longs to see his travelling companion.”

The Baron took the hint, and withdrew to the other gentlemen. Gustavus had, doubtless, never expressed any desire to see him, but Julie wished for this evening to check the stream of his eloquence, and she had had recourse to the most natural means which occurred to her. The true cause of it was a vague feeling of duty, which warned her not to listen to these speeches.

“Oh, if Waldemar were only here!” sighed



she, “but he is dreadfully cold, and the Baron is assuredly not dangerous : I need not deny myself the small pleasure that I find in listening to a little innocent gallantry. However, Waldemar’s ideas are strict on this point, and it well befits me as his *fiancée*, to remember them. *Fiancée!* this word is not, I think, the right expression for our relation ; for that everything is not as it should be, I have remarked more distinctly than is good for my peace. Oh ! that it were otherwise, but as it now stands, I welcome the Captain as a diversion from the annoyances which vex me.”

Thus duty and vanity debated together, and, as usual, the latter maintained its place.

## CHAPTER X.

WE RETURN AGAIN TO WALDEMAR, AND ACCOMPANY HIM  
TO A SOIREE AT THE HOUSE OF THE BURGOMASTER.

IT was the beginning of June: with Waldemar the weeks and months had passed in unvarying uniformity. His avocations as a physician gave him sufficient occupation and even occasioned him some really happy hours, which his warm philanthropic heart enjoyed, when he was able to save the father of a poor family, or the children of a widowed mother. Their gratitude was, to him, like a rose plucked from the stem, whose still remaining buds promised a bountiful harvest to its possessor: the more valuable, as, from the former

rich garland of the flowers of his heart, he had only been able to preserve this one shoot. But this was all. His friends no longer found in him, the lively, happy companion in those circles, where he had formerly been the centre of everything agreeable ; people longed in vain for his society ; and if by chance he showed himself, they exhausted themselves in vain conjectures as to what could have made such a change in the good-humoured, gay Doctor, the favorite of the whole town. Report said that the young lady, to whom he was engaged was perfection : this should have been an additional cause of cheerfulness to him. Some few sharp-sighted persons confided to one or other of their most intimate friends, what they supposed to be the secret cause of this change ; but others, still more sharp-sighted, laughed contemptuously at such groundless fancies ; and the real reason remained undiscovered. Waldemar himself was so absorbed in his own silent meditations, that he never observed that he had become such an object of remark to other people.

He learned from Faxe, that after a struggle

of six weeks with the nervous fever, Marie was again restored to health and had even been out several times. But they seemed on both sides to avoid every place where they might meet each other; therefore he had only once, and even then at a distance, beheld the object of the dreams which constituted both his delight and his pain. This happened one forenoon when he was coming from the Lazaretto. As he was about to turn a corner, he perceived Mrs. von Horst with Marie, who was leaning upon the arm of Mr. Billing, the merchant. Waldemar remained standing, literally as if he had been rooted to the earth; and a crowd of inquisitive heads peeped out of the windows to see what the Doctor was staring at. He stood like a picture of one of Lafontaine's heroes; his eyes firmly fixed upon the approaching persons, and particularly upon Marie's marble-white cheeks, forgetting the anguish he was probably causing her. But as she now ventured to look up, and Waldemar read in her eyes the most painful disquietude, he quickly recovered himself, and moved away in the opposite direction, in as much haste as

if he had been chased by a legion of devils. When he had proceeded to some distance from the town, he began to collect his scattered thoughts. The first thing which he clearly remembered was, that Mr. Billing had very politely taken off his hat and had held out his hand to greet him, just as he, like a crazy person, rushed away; and now the tormenting thought haunted him, "It must be all settled, as they walk so intimately with each other." The third idea which awoke in his mind was, what Billing would think of his strange behaviour and how he would ridicule him if he knew the cause of it. "Confound it!" cried he aloud, but then came the fourth and last recollection in the shape of Marie's sorrowful look. "Good heavens!" sighed he now, "she must doubtless be very unhappy. I cannot bear to see her. But in her manner, however, was apparent perfect submission, and I will no longer be a fool, and make myself an object of ridicule. What is done cannot be undone.—Hum! I wish I knew for certain if she were engaged!"

He endeavoured seriously, when the tempter

appeared again, not to think any more upon this affair, and tried with all his might to recall Julie's image. But this incident had entirely destroyed his hastily acquired peace ; and the unconquered storm of the heart again broke forth afresh.

In this frame of mind he returned home, paced two or three times up and down the room, and then taking the old family Bible out of the cover, he opened it, and the first words which caught his eye were the following :—"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," marked by his father's own hand. Waldemar was extremely religious, and it seemed to him, as if the departed spirit had whispered these words to his rebellious soul.

He felt himself calmed by them. At first he reflected whether it would not be the best method of strengthening him in his good intentions, if he, as soon as possible, got leave to go to Knapergaard for a few weeks. "But I will first show myself among my usual circle of society, and try to appear again what I formerly was—" At this moment his eye fell



upon a note, which he had received that morning from the Burgomaster, and which contained an invitation for the evening. "I shall go there," he said, although he had already refused it. Resolution and execution were one. At eight o'clock our hero stood at the door of the Burgomaster's house, and a few minutes later, he bowed his way through the whole saloon, hat in hand, up to the other end, where the hostess had taken her place. The assembly was numerous and the conversation lively. But as the reader cannot possibly know what is understood by a lively conversation in the good town of W——, a slight example of it may not be unwelcome.

Represent to yourself five recesses formed by the windows on one side of the Burgomaster's drawing-room. In each stood a little folding table around which young ladies were seated. The mode in which the hair was dressed, with or without caps, pointed out the married and the unmarried graces. Behind their chairs stood young elegantly dressed gentlemen, in a bending position. At the Doctor's entrance a general silence ensued,



which was only interrupted by the creaking of the chairs and the rustling of the dresses. But the flow of conversation was speedily resumed.

A charming blonde turned to her neighbour behind the chair, an exquisite, with an embroidered hunting horn upon his coat-flap, saying :

“Lieutenant M——, have you no news?”

“I have only waited for your challenge, gracious lady, to tell you my budget for the day.”

“You are always kind, Lieutenant M——,” lisped the blonde, letting some stitches of her knitting drop at the agreeable confusion into which she had fallen, at the thought that it had only required her command to make the young god of war, who the whole evening had been as silent as an enigma, open his mouth.

“When I was at the hotel to-day,” began the Lieutenant, “where I had some business to settle, a troop of rope-dancers arrived there who intend to exhibit their skill before the public. Among them I saw, to speak in Ori-

ental language, one of the most enchanting Houris of Paradise."

"I congratulate you," replied the blonde with a haughty smile, now letting a whole row of stitches slip at the dreadful thought, that perhaps Lieutenant M----- had found the bird of paradise more beautiful than herself.

"Do tell me, love," asked a very innocent young girl, whose mamma had never permitted her to read works of imagination, and who therefore was quite ignorant of this figure of speech, "what is it that Lieutenant M----- said she had with her?" This question was addressed to a lively brunette who sat near her.

"Did you not hear? It was one of the most enchanting Houris of Paradise."

"Oh yes! I heard that very well; but I should like to know what that means."

"Oh you silly child," answered the brunette, shrugging her shoulders compassionately, "it is a plant, a splendid plant, which has been propagated since Adam and Eve wandered about in Eden; but it is in the highest degree poisonous, and affects all those who,

either from curiosity or imprudence, approach too near it."

"Good heavens! how odd!" exclaimed the young girl, turning to the Lieutenant. "Be so kind, Mr. M—— as to describe this plant to me a little more distinctly?"

"What plant?" asked he, half angry at being interrupted in a whispered explanation to the blonde.

"That which the rope-dancer had with her, you named it just now. I hear that it is so poisonous."

"If you call the beautiful actress a poisonous plant," said Lieutenant M—— laughing, "she would not be very much obliged to you for your politeness."

"Was it an actress that you meant by an enchanting Paradise—I forget what you called it?"

"Yes, certainly," said the Lieutenant smiling. And now all the upper-lips were drawn down half an inch over the under-lips; those who had less manners laughed openly at the young girl's expense, who with tears in her eyes, looked all round the circle,

to see if nobody would undertake her defence.

At this moment Klein, who had heard the whole conversation and could never quietly look on, when malice was amusing itself at the expense of others, stepped forward—

“The description,” said he, “was very ingenious; but according to my ideas, I would rather congratulate her who does not understand such allegories, than her who points the poisonous arrow of ridicule at the innocent flower which timidly retires before its dart.”

The brunette’s fiery gaze rested for one second on Waldemar, with an expression of threatening vengeance.

“How is it, Doctor Klein,” asked she ironically; “does your fit of somnambulism continue still?”

“I am not happy, or acute enough, to be able to follow the train of your thoughts,” replied Klein, who did not understand her allusion.

“Oh, I only mean, if the state of exaltation, in which I saw you this forenoon, is come over you again. One might conclude so

by the singular expression of your countenance."

The crimson of annoyance and vexation glowed upon our hero's cheeks. If he had defended himself he would have had to enter into a contest, which, as the beautiful brunette was his opponent, would surely have ended in his defeat, for she lived in the house near which, in the forenoon, he had met Marie. He therefore contented himself with casting a look of anger and contempt upon the speaker ; after which he went into an adjoining room to greet the host.

"Oh, what was that, love ?" asked all at the same moment. The brunette and the other ladies, bent over the table together, so that their heads formed one single great bunch. The gentlemen listened eagerly and with outstretched necks ; however they only caught the words—"Madness—Klein—Marie—Street—running—laughter—place." After which the bunch dissolved itself, and the ladies whispered the little anecdote in low tones to their respective cavaliers.

In the meantime Klein did not get on much

better in the gentlemen's room. On his entrance he only heard discussions about economy and politics. But just as he had finished speaking to his host, he perceived Mr. Billing, who was about to take a seat at a card table.

"Ah! is that you, Doctor?" said he with a good-tempered, friendly smile. "Very glad to see you; I am afraid you did not feel very well this morning."

Klein commanded himself as well as he could, although this evening everything seemed to have conspired against him.

"I willingly admit, Mr. Billing, that I must apologize to you for my absence of mind; but I beg you to be convinced, that I was then as unconscious of it as I am at present astonished at myself."

"The affair is easily excused," replied Mr. Billing, "doctors have an especial privilege of being absent; and to say the truth, I should not, perhaps, have noticed it, had not Miss von Horst, whom I accompanied to pay a few farewell visits, been so much surprised at you, that she was not able to give a word in reply



to what Mrs. von Horst, or I, said to her." So speaking, Mr. Billing seated himself, quite unconcernedly at the card table.

"Ah!" thought Waldemar, "if his tranquillity be real, he is a happy phlegmatic fellow; if it be artificial, he is truly a man of the world."

Quite taken up with these thoughts, it was difficult for him to answer the most common questions that were put to him. He, therefore, returned as quickly as possible to the saloon, placed himself at a table near the sofa where some elderly ladies were seated, and looked over the engravings which lay upon it, or rather, pretended to do so. Here he quite unintentionally overheard some fragments of a conversation, which immediately claimed his whole attention.

"Perfectly true," said the Burgomaster's wife to her neighbour, a stout lady in a long shawl which trailed upon the floor, and with a head, which was weighed down, partly, with the little mountain of curls, like cannons, which hung on each side over her ears, partly

by a gigantic tower of a cap, in, as she thought, the newest fashion.

“Yes; upon my word, it is but too true! The greatest folly, that such a poor girl should speak of her *heart*, a thing, my dear cousin, that scarcely the richest heiress, at least in every day life, can take into consideration.”

“Yes; but is it really true?” asked a little turned-up-nose woman, only for the pleasure of being contradicted.

“What! you ask if it be true?” broke forth the lady, who had made the communication about which the others were now gossiping; and at these few words the giant upon her head began to tremble, as if about to be cast from its elevated position. But happily it retained its place. The good lady coughed two or three times, after which, with wonderful composure, she continued, “I never say anything that I do not know with certainty. Mrs. Walberg, who I, myself, many years ago recommended to our estimable Billing as housekeeper, and who sometimes comes to see me, has related to me every word. During

the long illness, which was pure pretence, old Mrs. von Horst kept him on with fair words ; and now that she is said to be recovered, and he presses for a decided answer, the little goose says that, if it pleases her mother, she will not refuse him her hand, but that it is not in her power to dispose of her heart, which can never belong to him."

At these words all the ladies drew in their lips scornfully ; and the Burgomaster's wife asked—

" Well, what says her mother to it ? "

" As one can easily imagine ; she has tried to arrange the affair. But Billing will not have the girl persuaded to it ; and that is assuredly the best way to gain his point without much fuss. He fulfils the spoilt child's slightest whim, and among other things to-day he has obtained Mrs. von Horst's consent to the girl's wish to visit a young friend, I can't remember now where, for a month ; and by this well timed kindness, he has won much on her favour."

Here the conversation was interrupted by two or three persons joining the group.

Waldemar could scarcely breathe for the multitude of opposing feelings which besieged him. A sensation somewhat akin to pleasure predominated. After he had strolled about for a couple of hours and had taken part in the mirth and jokes of the young people, he pleaded visits to patients, and went away some time before supper.

On his arrival at home he found a letter from Caroline, in which the news that she had already given of Gustavus's illness, his slow recovery, the Baron von K——'s stay at the house, as well as his too great attention to Julie, and lastly her own displeasure at her, for having, by her particular adroitness so arranged it, that the Baron as yet had not been informed that she was engaged, was repeated. Caroline concluded with these words :—

“I should have been silent about all this, dear Waldemar, if you were distrustful, jealous, or even in love with your intended; but as you are not any of these, you will not be unnecessarily excited, but will act with calmness. You will examine and reflect to the

best of your convictions, and behold Julie's conduct with your own eyes. My opinion is not that you should take the first opportunity to break off the engagement; but at the same time, to do what is due to your and her honour, and your future peace. You must come here soon, without her knowing it, and an occasion will not be wanting to judge of her way of thinking. Decidedly matters cannot remain long as they are. Gustavus has not the slightest knowledge of all this, under the pretence, that they dare not cause him any uneasiness. Come, therefore, soon, is the request of your affectionate sister."

Many pleasing thoughts floated through Waldemar's mind upon reading Caroline's letter. After he had reflected for some time his determination to set off at Midsummer remained unaltered.

## CHAPTER XI.

## POTPOURRI.

ONE evening, a week before the fête at the vicarage, Julie and Caroline sat in the room belonging to the latter, and were occupied in embroidering a tulle dress, which Julie wished to get ready for the above-named wedding. After a long silence she said—

“ Do you know, Caroline, this stupid work, embroidering tulle, frets me extremely ? I could wear the dress very well without it. Our eyes will be spoiled, for one thing, and, secondly, it will so often prevent me from being near our agreeable guest, and whiling away an hour with him. I do think I should



not finish it before Christmas, even if I were always to sit at it. To say the truth, I make but little progress ; for he so wickedly hides first the floss-silk, then the thimble, then the bodkin, and in fact everything he can get at, one after another. And I must deny myself his lively conversation, in order to finish this trumpery ; when I reflect upon it, I don't know if this sacrifice can be outweighed, by the satisfaction of being the most elegant at a country wedding !”

All this was meant for a joke, but there lay a high degree of impatience in Julie's tone, which showed that her words were more serious than she was herself aware, and gave a faithful picture of the real state of her mind.

“ That appears the least part to me, dear,” answered Caroline, very seriously ; “ but that your brother should have to do without our care and our company, because you cannot endure to sit in an invalid's room,—I think, to say the least of it, is not very sisterly of you.”

“ Oh dear, Caroline, Gustavus does not care about it ; papa is almost always with him.

Brink reads aloud the newspapers to him when he desires it, and the captain is a slave to his slightest wish; not to speak of you, who are much more to him than the sweetest sister could be."

These last words were said in a sarcastic tone of voice. The freshest roses (little shoots of wounded feeling,) appeared with astonishing swiftness on Caroline's pale face.

A great degree of dignity lay in her voice as she answered—

"I leave it to your own good feelings, Julie, to judge of the delicacy of your last expressions; but as to what concerns the Captain, let me remark that you greatly deceive yourself, if you believe that he shows Gustavus all the attention and sympathy which he, perhaps, has reason to expect from one whom he calls his friend. He is occupied almost every hour of the day, either with hunting or your conversation. I really cannot conceive how his arm got so soon well. It is only one month since he put it out of joint, and already he handles the gun with a facility which is perfectly wonderful."

“I praise his strong constitution for that,” answered Julie; “besides,” she added, heartily glad to get off the subject she had hinted at too soon, namely, Caroline’s attention to Gustavus; “as to the chase, the Baron merely takes a part in it to please our capricious invalid, who, to speak in confidence, is a great deal too contradictory, or is it not so? at least *I* can never do anything right for him. As soon as I enter his room, it is ‘Don’t shut the door so hard!—Why is the blind up?—Julie! you must go and see after the house-keeper, that she does not make the broth either too weak or too strong!’ with many other equally whimsical exhortations. Nothing is ever right. I always hate nursing sick people, but Gustavus is the *non plus ultra* of everything that is contradictory.”

“I certainly will not deny,” said Caroline, “that he possesses an unusually irritable disposition, but I believe that this is the case, more or less, with all invalids. However, if it is not disagreeable to you, we will pass to another subject. I have often wished to ask you, how it happens that, for a long time

I have not seen you wear Waldemar's ring?"

Julie blushed ; however, she answered tolerably frankly—

"It is too small. You know that papa wanted to surprise us with the rings, and that therefore no measure was taken."

"Nevertheless you wore it until the day your brother returned home. You surely cannot wish to conceal your engagement from him, or any one else?"

"My engagement with Waldemar," answered Julie haughtily, "is not yet publicly announced ; and what I am to do, or what I am not to do, with your permission, I will judge for myself."

Caroline's good heart felt more pity than anger at Julie's frivolous way of acting. She tried in the gentlest manner and with the plainest reasoning, to draw her attention to the equivocal light in which she must appear in the eyes of her intended, and of the world, by this conduct, as it had never been proposed that her engagement should be celebrated with a grand fête. Julie answered not

a word. She rose and left the room in evident emotion.

In one of the darkest paths of the park, she threw herself down upon a little bench, her favourite place in her happier hours. She now tried to compel her scattered thoughts into one channel, and with a hand on her violently beating heart, she said in disjointed sentences,—

“ I am not right, but does *he* do right to leave me to my own doubts, and to the tendency of circumstances? He knows that the Baron is here, and he must certainly be aware of his reputation as a man of gallantry.—Hem—I hardly understand myself—this reliance on my constancy is certainly very noble, but I both hate and love this quiet confidence. If it sprung from love I would bless him, and prove to him that I was worthy of it; but, unfortunately, it is probably only indifference, and I—yes, I will show him that *I* also can be indifferent, if it should even break my heart.”

After a few minutes' silence, her thoughts went in natural succession to the Captain, and she began again—

“What will be the end of all this? What do I really wish?” At these simple questions she relapsed into deep thought. The obliging spirit of imagination lent the Baron all those outward charms and good qualities which were requisite to storm Julie’s better convictions; and she thought Waldemar’s coldness was a sad contrast to the ever attentive, polite, and elegant manners of the Baron. Her slightest wish, her slightest nod, was law to him. Never, never would she find anything of the kind in Waldemar, and yet she loved him. Yes, and him only! but, according to the tenor of her ideas, she considered that as the admired Baroness von K—— she would not be unhappy.

This last thought planted itself as softly and carefully in the mind as the Eumeniden, when she cautiously opens the access to the pure sanctuary of the heart, and in case she finds it unguarded, throws in the poisoned apple. Julie trembled at the possibility of the Baron’s really desiring her hand. She got up to chase away from her thoughts this always returning tempter.



At the end of the park she encountered the Baron, who, having returned from a ride, had searched for her all over the house, and as he could not find her anywhere there, had likewise taken refuge here. In joyful surprise he hastened to meet her and even at a distance exclaimed—

“ Ah! what happiness, dearest Julie!” and in a tone which showed the rapid progress he had made towards intimacy in a few weeks. “ You have been almost invisible for the last few days; and when I did have the pleasure of seeing you, you were constantly accompanied by your shadow.”

“ I think,” replied Julie, in the light jesting tone in which she always conversed with the Captain, “ that it has not even left me now.”

“ How cruel of you, Julie, to wish to liken me to her who is my daily annoyance! I assure you, upon my faith and honour, that if at any time I should become so enviably happy, as to be allowed by you to be your inseparable companion, it should be my first care to remove her who, by her unmistakable aversion to me, has also—I do not conceal it—in



return excited mine. She appears to have taken upon herself the strange character of being your guard of honour."

"Take care, Baron!" joked Julie, who in reality was well pleased at this sally against Caroline's watchfulness; "take care, and don't encourage an aversion to my faithful friend! You might put the question whether I would exchange this shadow for yours. Yours might certainly sometimes be very agreeable; but I am astonished to hear, that on the very first idea of such a possibility, you should speak of the revolutions you are thinking of making! No, no, my dear Baron," said she, at the same time wickedly threatening him as one would a naughty child, "you have already too rapidly reached the height of all possible boldness—therefore I decidedly refuse your desire."

The Baron was quite enchanted at Julie's lively answer, from which he thought he could hope success for his plans.

"My charming hostess understands how to express herself with so much grace, even when a refusal is concerned, that her humble servant

acknowledges his boldness and implores her to take him into favour again. He promises and protests that he—should he ever win his mistress's regard to that degree as to be allowed to wait upon her as her declared adorer—will never cherish so wicked a plan as that of removing her, who stands continually between him and the object of his hopes, like a dark threatening cloud between the sun and him who impatiently expects his life from its rays ——”

In this specimen of poetical eloquence the Baron outdid himself. In order to heighten the effect of it, he bent his knee in the most graceful manner, and cast a look upon Julie which might have made an impression on even a much more stony heart than the one he wished to conquer.

She laughingly extended her hand to him, saying gaily—

“ Rise up though, good Baron. The ground is damp ; and if we must absolutely act private theatricals, it can be done quite as well in the saloon as here, exposed to the evening air.”

The Baron found the advice good, and quickly rose. "As you will, amiable Julie ! It is indifferent to me where we play, so that our parts are not separated."

At the same time he pressed her hand with as much confidence as if he in reality had been accepted. This was more than Julie, without reproaching herself, thought she could set down to the account of gallantry. She became therefore immediately serious, drew back her hand, and said, somewhat coldly—

"Do not depend upon that ; you might deceive yourself."

Had the Baron, at any time when he was suffering from excessive heat, received a cold shower-bath, the coldness of this could not be compared with the one which, without any warning, he at present enjoyed. He had indeed already often found that no barometer could be less relied on than that which pointed the degree of Julie's changeable humour ; but it had never yet fallen so fast. The Baron was thrown from the highest story of his castle in the air down into the lumber-room, where he kept the cast-off trumpery.

Whilst he rummaged about there, he met with an article which had probably been thrown there intentionally, as it was but seldom used—the above-mentioned article goes by the name of *Reflection*. This came now so opportunely that the Baron took it carefully up, and became so much absorbed in it for a whole quarter of an hour, that Julie found the time very long, and was not able to conceive what the Baron could be thinking of so intently.

“What is the matter, Captain?” said she after a time. “I think you are not yourself. Confess where your imagination is wandering to! I have not hitherto found you fond of dreams.”

“By no means, Miss St. Hal; I am perfectly awake, and also quite myself—so entirely, that I was occupied with my own insignificant self.”

Julie bit her lip; but fearing the Baron might flatter himself that his unusual coldness annoyed her, she continued with the greatest indifference—

“Well, it is good that you are awake;

I shall therefore speak of something sensible. A number of young people who reside at some distance from this, and who are also invited to the wedding, are coming here two or three days before Midsummer-day, and we shall accompany them to the grand *fête* at the vicarage."

At any other time this would have pleased the Baron extremely ; but now his answer was only the monosyllable "So !" He must certainly have had a stratagem in his mind against Julie, but she was just as acute as he, and remained indifferent.

"At six o'clock the marriage ceremony is to take place, then afterwards there will be a ball, and on the following day a dinner to the elderly ladies and gentlemen of the place. That will be delightful ; do you not think so?"

"Certainly," answered he ; and they finished their promenade, both out of humour.

## CHAPTER XII.

## AN INCONVENIENT SURPRISE.

THE sun rose clear and bright on Midsummer's-day, to the great joy of the wedding guests assembled at Knapergaard, who were all stirring in good time.

The little ill-will which had arisen between the Baron and Julie was already laid aside, and they stood again upon their former good terms with each other ; with only this difference, that the Baron began to look upon the affair as settled, as soon as he should decidedly speak out ; and that Julie, on her side, became more frequently troubled by the hateful tempter.



After breakfast, the company went into the grounds to amuse themselves; the Baron, who on this day was in particular good-humour, joked with Julie about the morning toilet of the young ladies from the neighbourhood; and when this subject was exhausted, ventured to whisper his request to her, to take a walk with him along the beautiful bank of a stream, on whose margin the party had assembled. She was just about to fulfil his wish, when Brink suddenly came up, and said a few words in a low voice to Julie.

The colour changed in rapid succession upon her cheeks. A minute after she turned with a forced smile to the Captain, and said—

“Strangers have arrived! Excuse me, I must fulfil the duties of a hostess.”

The Baron appeared very much displeased at this.

“Could not Miss Caroline do the honours until your return with the rest of the company?” asked he, in a voice which spoke his wish more plainly than the words themselves.

“That will not do,” answered Julie, throwing her shawl around her. But as she saw



that the Captain was about to follow her, she made a hasty and decided motion with her hand to prevent him, took Brink's arm, and before the Baron could ask one question, she had disappeared with her companion.

"Very strange," murmured the Captain to himself: however without giving the occurrence any further attention, he proceeded some little way down the footpath, and by no means disdained, as his sun had disappeared, to indemnify himself with the less brilliant stars, the same who had but just been the mark for his cutting sallies.

"Very prudent of you, Mr. Brink," said Julie, casting a thankful look at her conductor as they quickly went towards the house; "Truly! I should have been very uneasy—yes, very embarrassed—if I had met Walde-mar, wholly unprepared, among so many strangers. Those who are engaged would greet each other, as you know, without witnesses, and I do not like surprises."

"To spare you a natural embarrassment," replied Brink, "I prevented the Doctor from coming down to you at once, as he wished ;

in order to accomplish this, I sent his sister to him. By this means, I obtained time to tell you the news of his arrival ; but as to how much of the above-mentioned embarrassment I may set down to having its foundation in the bashfulness of a *fiancée*, or how much to some other motive, you yourself know best. I fear you are assuming a character which is not proper to you, and which is also out of place here."

"What, Mr. Brink!" exclaimed Julie, with ill-concealed confusion, "do you believe that I would expose my feelings to the public? A man can never judge for a woman."

"Miss Julie may just remember," continued Brink very seriously, "that a few friends are not the whole world ; and besides, I do not see why a girl who has engaged herself with the approbation of the parents on both sides, need be ashamed of showing a joyful and natural emotion when she sees her intended again. However," he added, "you know that it was to spare your other feelings, that I wished to prevent all surprisal. No one can desire more heartily than I do, that everything

may soon 'be as it should be ; for you now stand upon a fathomless abyss, which is veiled from you by roses, and which you either do not or will not see."

" You moralize rather too much, Mr. Brink !" answered Julie, crossly ; " and I really cannot conceive why I let you say so much."

" I will explain that to you," answered Brink. " It is because you never could work upon me ; happily for me, by an early choice of my heart, I have escaped the danger of burning my wings from the rays of your beauty, and the *ignis fatuus* of your mind. In short, you can count upon my friendship and good-will to serve you ; but your omnipotent look has not the magnetic power over me that it has over others—that look which is the cause of the unseemly sport that you carry on with feelings and duty."

" Oh ! to-day you are really quite unbearable, Mr. Brink," cried Julie, but nevertheless a tear stole down her cheek, succeeding her artificial smile, as she perceived in Brink's honest, open countenance, an expression of troubled seriousness. With emotion he added,

“I know, dear Brink, that I don’t possess another friend like you, although you *are* severe ; therefore, I beg you without ceremony to go back at once, and detain the company, and particularly the Captain, as long as possible.”

“Willingly, Miss Julie, but you must promise me then to make good use of the time. Remember, that the Doctor does not understand joking in such affairs. Be not therefore, thoughtless ; and do not let, as usual, a sudden idea of the moment govern your better convictions. Forgive my frankness ; you are playing with him, as well as with the Baron, a dangerous game, the bad consequences of which will fall back upon yourself.”

“Ah ! Mr. Brink, you know that Waldemar’s feelings for me very much resemble yours ; and as he is my intended, you ought not to wonder that this pains me, and that I therefore——.”

“Hush ! Miss Julie,” said Brink, interrupting her ; “do not utter such an unworthy and frivolous thought. I am grieved that I cannot dispute your opinion in regard to the

Doctor's strength of feeling ; but during the last year you have been principally to blame yourself, and who knows what struggles he may have undergone ? Certain it is, and I will answer for it with my life, that he is worthy of your love, your esteem, and above all, your confidence ; perhaps also of your indulgence—think of yourself !”

“ Well, well, Mr. Brink ! Doubtless you are right, and as soon as we return from the wedding, I shall beg my father to give a little fête, and proclaim the engagement, and then I shall take leave for ever of all society.”

“ But,” objected Brink, “ a proverb says, ‘ Put not off for to-morrow what you can do to-day.’ Nothing is easier than when the Captain comes in, to say to him, ‘ See, here I have the honour to introduce to you my intended.’ ”

“ No, that is quite impossible ; do not ask that. But when we come back from the wedding, it shall take place in the manner I have told you. I require a few days, in order to reflect upon it myself.”

Brink shook his head, and went to fulfil her

request. He had received from a friend in W—— pretty exact information as to the state of affairs between Waldemar and Miss von Horst ; but the probable marriage between her and Mr. Billing was also not unknown to him, and he therefore comforted himself with the thought that when this had once taken place, the Doctor's relation with Julie would become less forced. The only stumbling-block appeared to him to be the Baron,—that was, in case his intentions were serious. “It is not impossible,” said he to himself, “that in a fit of vanity and thoughtlessness, she might break off her engagement to Klein, and marry the Baron. Heaven preserve us from such a misfortune !” was Brink's sincere prayer.

Julie had only a few minutes to reflect upon Brink's advice, and all was still a confused jumble in her mind, when she beheld at some distance Klein and her father coming towards her. The latter was detained on the way by a peasant. They met each other quite alone.

“Welcome, Waldemar ! you have really surprised me,” stammered Julie, putting her



hand into his, which he held out to her with sincere good feeling.

“ I will hope, not disagreeably,” answered he, looking into her eyes with a mild but searching gaze.

“ Certainly not, dear Waldemar ; but you would have been even more welcome to me, if you had come sooner.”

There lay in these words an ambiguity which Waldemar could interpret in different ways. As he was uncertain about the right one, he contented himself with answering, he could not possibly obtain leave before. “ But rest assured, dear Julie, that this delay shall now be made up for, as I intend remaining here a whole month.”

Julie’s answer to this was very unconnected. She could not bring her mind from the thoughts of the confusion which must surely ensue. The next object of her affliction was the Baron—what would he say, think, and do ? And what would become of herself ? She had not the courage to speak frankly to Waldemar ; and how could she be able to tell him that her love and her vanity had constantly

been in strife with each other ? That she herself began to fancy the Baron had excited in her a more lively interest than was consistent with her peace ; and lastly, a certain and not trifling fear haunted her, as to whether Waldemar and she were suited for each other. All this was not just an appropriate subject for their first conversation, upon meeting again. Julie well knew this, and remained silent, because she did not know what to speak about. Waldemar, who during this long pause had closely observed her, took her hand and said, “ I hear that you are going to a wedding to-day ; if you have not already promised another, I hope you will take a seat with me ; my phaeton is roomy and comfortable.”

Nothing could have been more disagreeable to Julie under the present circumstances than such a long *tête-à-tête* with Klein. Besides she had promised to drive with the Baron. In order, therefore, to escape both, she answered, not without some trepidation as to how Waldemar would receive it :

“ I should like to go in the carriage ; one’s dress does not get so dusty in a close conveyance.”

“As you will,” said Klein, but a slight trace of displeasure floated over his lips. “I hope, however, you will have no objection to my taking my place on the coachbox?”

There was nothing to be said against that. Julie nodded assent with her head, as kindly as she could, and said—

“I believe Caroline is going in the carriage with me, for she has refused all invitations from the gentlemen.”

“She is not going at all,” replied Klein; “so she has just told me.”

“She abides, then, by her selfish determination,” continued Julie, crossly; “although I have begged her so much. Do you not think it very strange of your sister?”

“Not in the least, my dear Julie! Both Caroline and I still lament too deeply the loss of a beloved father, to be able, three or four months after that loss, to take pleasure in any kind of diversion. She remains at home from choice; *I* go, because I should consider it neglecting you, if, as I am here, I left to any other person, those little attentions which are now exclusively my office.”

“ You are really too good, Waldemar,” answered Julie, smiling. “ Be frank, I pray you, if you wish me to remain at home, be assured that I can, without regret, give up a pleasure, if, by so doing, I win your approbation.”

For the moment she was in earnest, for she had felt a pang of remorse.

Waldemar answered with some surprise—

“ Far from it, my dearest Julie! It will be a real pleasure to me to accompany you to the fête. In the meantime will you introduce me to your guests ?”

“ No, Waldemar! I will leave that to Caroline, and must beg to-day for your indulgence. Some little household affairs will prevent me from coming down before dinner.”

They had now entered the house, and as Klein sought to detain her for a short time longer, she said, with a melancholy smile—

“ To-day, dear Waldemar, I cannot belong to you. We must first learn to know each other better. Believe me, we must do so ?”

Overcome with manifold and violent emotions, she hastened away in order to hide her

increasing uneasiness, and to acquire, in the solitude of her own room, that self-command and outward bearing which were suitable to the occasion.

Klein looked after her in astonishment, and shaking his head, he went to Gustavus.

An hour later the happy guests all sat down to an early dinner, after which each of them adjourned to the important business of making their toilet.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE DRIVE TO THE WEDDING—FIRST ACT.

KNAPERGAARD was a mile from S—argd. At half-past four o'clock, the ladies stood all ready in starched muslin dresses, with rose coloured sashes, their small feet encased in the most elegant little green satin shoes, and their hair adorned with the choicest flowers. Thus becomingly attired and enveloped in mantles and veils, they were conducted to the different conveyances by the attendant cavaliers, redolent of the most exquisite perfumes.

Julie had informed the Captain, through Brink, that in consequence of a violent tooth-ache (Oh! the cunning of woman!) she would



be obliged to drive in the close carriage. This appeared very extraordinary to him—however he determined not to allow himself to be excluded, but at all events to take his place in it, wherefore he inquired which among the remaining company belonged to the same party; he learned that the occupiers of the carriage were to be Julie, an old widow, as chaperone, her daughter, and the gentleman to whom she was engaged; the last-named pair having come too late to be able to procure a carriage to themselves. The Baron's plan was quickly formed. He offered the royal secretary and his *fiancée* his own horse and carriage, which were thankfully accepted. He knew that the old widow was deaf, therefore he had not the slightest objection to her sitting in a corner of the carriage, maintaining—at once present and absent—her useful office. As to Klein, the Baron cared very little where he went. It never occurred to him to think that the Doctor had any more interest in the matter than the old lady.

Every thing was now in due order, and all the ladies were settled in their places; only

the Baron and the Doctor still stood in the hall, and waited for Julie. Although they had not the slightest suspicion that they were to be neighbours in the carriage, still they seemed instinctively to regard each other with hostile looks.

At length Julie appeared, beautiful as a rose, in her embroidered tulle dress over white satin, a costly Persian shawl, thrown like a light drapery over her elegant figure, and upon her splendid glossy brown hair, a shining wreath of gold wheat-ears and artificial corn-flowers. The Baron stood in dumb rapture. She carried herself also with a dignity and grace which would have become a queen.

Both gentlemen received a hasty triumphant look, as, with a slight inclination of the head, she disappeared through the entrance of her father's room. Upon Waldemar, this look made a disagreeable impression ; it was quite the contrary with the Baron. That was a look and a deportment which were worthy of the future Baroness von K——, so he thought to himself.

When Julie returned she was accompanied

by Caroline, whose simple striped cotton dress, and badly done hair, advantageously heightened Julie's borrowed and natural charms by the contrast which she presented to her.

The Baron, who was all attention, hastened to help her to put on her mantle ; but Waldemar stood upon the other side, and was already before him in this civility. The Captain thought it was very bold of the Doctor ; but nothing could surpass his amazement when he saw Waldemar, just as he himself was about to offer Julie his arm, take her hand quite familiarly, place it in his arm, and conduct her to the carriage.

The Captain bit his lip so violently that a little drop of blood fell upon his handkerchief. At the sight of this red spot, his rising anger calmed itself, and who can wonder at it? Blood is a holy thing ; above all, *noble* blood ! It now became quite clear to him, that, as he had spilled a drop of his blood for her, he must look upon her as wholly belonging to himself.

As to the Doctor, the Baron was so far from guessing his real position, that he ascribed

his behaviour partly to their youthful friendship, partly to a want of delicate tact, therefore he considered it beneath his dignity to fall into a passion about it. These reflections became arranged, as, with the handkerchief to his lips, he descended the steps and went towards the carriage.

“Is the Captain also going in this carriage?” asked Klein, in not a very placid tone, as he saw him jump in without any ceremony.

“Yes, with your leave,” answered the Baron, closing the carriage door.

Now it was Klein’s turn to bite his lips. He did so, but with so much caution that no drops of blood were visible. And that was right, for being of such plebeian blood, he could have had little claim to a contest with his noble adversary.

The Doctor silently took his place upon the coachbox, and as the road to the vicarage lay in an opposite direction to that in which had occurred the dreadful accident formerly related, they experienced no hinderance to a quick drive.

The Doctor’s cracking whip set the high-

spirited horses into the most lively humour. But the other living beings in the carriage were extremely dull and dispirited : the Baron, because he had tried in Swedish and French to enliven Julie to no purpose ; she, because she knew that Waldemar could, if he chose, hear every word : the old widow, because nobody answered her common-place observations with anything but the monosyllables “hem,” or “yes, yes,”—and the Doctor, because he was seeking for an opportunity to give a suitable check to the Baron’s insolence.

Thus the silence into which they had all fallen was not broken, until, to their relief, the carriage reached the court of the vicarage-house, which was quite encircled with carriages and other conveyances.

Before Klein could give the reins to the groom who had stepped forward, the Captain had sprung out of the carriage and stood ready to hand Julie out, which he quickly and assiduously set about doing. He had thrown off his cloak, and Julie, for the first time, saw the Captain in the uniform of the — — dragoons

—and envy itself could not but admit that this was adapted in the highest degree to set off to advantage his tall and elegant figure.

Julie's eyes rested with pleasure upon the rich and tasteful dress. Never had he shown himself to her in such an alluring light. Added to this, the mixed expression of pain and tenderness in his features, gave to his countenance something so peculiar, so irresistibly prepossessing, that she could not help casting a look from him to the Doctor. Although far surpassing the Baron in regular, manly beauty, Waldemar could not, in his plain black dress, bear any comparison to the glittering Captain.

On entering the house, the Baron whispered to Julie—

“ May I hope to have the first waltz ? ”

“ No, not the first,” answered she, a little confused ; “ I am already engaged.”

“ Already ? ”—that was unexpected. “ Well then, Julie ! the first quadrille and the second waltz ? Oh ! do not say *no*,” he asked, in such a tender, winning voice, that she hurriedly whispered to him—



“Very well then ; but keep at a little distance now.”

This exhortation was accompanied by a look which assuredly was meant for nobody but the Baron to see, but which, together with some words of her conversation, Waldemar caught, although he was standing a little way off. And notwithstanding he had been prepared by Caroline, yet this proof of the tender relations which existed between his *fiancée* and the Captain surprised him in the highest degree. Julie had not the slightest suspicion of the discovery the Doctor had made, so she turned quite unconcernedly to the master of the ceremonies, who was waiting at the foot of the steps, gracefully laid the tips of the fingers of her white gloves upon the arm he gallantly offered her, and was thus conducted to the ladies’ toilet-room.

This temple, which, in consequence of the festivity, had been arranged for the Graces, was in reality in every-day phraseology a housekeeper’s-room, and in this, its usual quality, could be looked upon as a temple of distaffs and looms. Here the busy mistress

gave the submissively listening Priestesses the oracular answer to their timid questions. Here she could learn, through the thin partition, all that went on in the kitchen, both in work and words. This last prerogative extended to the guests even on this day; for notwithstanding the many voices all exclaiming at the same time, "Help me."—"Ah! love, do fasten in this flower for me!"—"Lend me a few hair-pins."—"Put that rose here!" still they were all overpowered by a duet, which was intoned in a shrill soprano, in the kitchen, occasioned by a dispute as to the way of making a marrow-pudding, between the Vicar's sister—generally known as the worthy pupil of the Cook Löfflerin—and an experienced madam, who, on account of the wedding-feast, had been engaged from the neighbouring town. If to this be added the incredible rattling of pots, kettles, and stewpans; the running to and fro of kitchen-maids, scullery-maids, and waiting-maids from the tea-room to the parlour, from the parlour to the kitchen, from thence, with basins and towels, down to the little dwelling in the court, where the

rooms belonging to the Curate, Mr. Trasselin, had been turned into the waiting-place for the gentlemen : that is, they could survey in the Curate's little broken glass, which hung in the middle of one of the windows, as much of their outward man as they could discover in it, smooth their hair, tie their neckcloths a little better, fasten the tiny, glittering studs in the shirtfolds, besides many other little improvements. If one imagines to oneself all this, one has a pretty correct idea of what was going on behind the scenes.

But now, it may not be too soon to enter upon the stage itself.

The company from Knapergaard were at length ready, as the last of the guests appeared, to quit the above-named Temple ; and now the door of a prettily decorated room was thrown open. Mr. S——, in his best clothes, and his wife, in a new black dress—a present from her future son-in-law—stepped forward, with low bows and friendly speeches, towards the company.

In the middle of the room stood an altar decorated with flowers, and before it two

little stools, covered with the hostess's finest damask napkins, whose dazzling whiteness was heightened by the garlands of myrtle, with which they were encircled.

After the usual ceremony of greeting and introduction, the Vicar signified by a short cough that the time for beginning the ceremony had arrived. The company arranged themselves in two half-circles, the ladies on the one side of the altar, and the gentlemen on the other ; the doors of the two little side rooms were held by serving-people set apart for that purpose, in order that at the first sign they might be thrown open—the Vicar had already gone to fetch his daughter ; a general silence reigned. Suddenly the expected signal was given, the doors were flung open, and through the one, the bridegroom, Mr. Commissioner Lynnel, accompanied by his honourable father and four young friends, called bachelors or groomsmen, entered ; and through the other walked the bride, leaning in modest bashfulness upon her father's arm, “with the wreath in her dark hair.” She was followed by four bridesmaids.

The Vicar took the Prayer Book and moved to one side of the altar; the young people placed themselves on the other side and at the appointed time kneeled down, when the four bridesmaids and the four groomsmen spread out the large red bridal shawl of the Vicar's wife, like a canopy over the heads of the weeping pair. All the ladies, as in duty bound, held their handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen their hats before their eyes. In a word, everything seemed to be going on as might be expected at a well-arranged wedding.

Nevertheless this wedding at S——argd was not destined to proceed with the formality generally observed on such occasions. By some chance, Doctor Klein held his hat pretty far off from his face, and he therefore had an opportunity of fixing his eyes upon an object which appeared to belong to the group that surrounded the bridal pair. He closed his eyes and rubbed them with the palm of his hand, looked up again, then shut them, drawing his handkerchief over his face, and

then looked up once more. Was he bewitched? "It is no deception," said he to himself, "and yet I cannot conceive how it can possibly be." On the left of the bride stood a delicate slender female form, whose simple and artless dress was a striking contrast to the overloaded finery of her companions. A white garment without trimming, a light blue velvet spencer, a thin black steel chain round her dazzling white neck, a wreath of *immortelles* upon her golden hair completed her attire. But she did not require the aid of art: she stood there an ornament to the *fête* by her extreme beauty and her graceful appearance. Even Julie, who soon perceived this—to her unknown—form, felt that she might become a very dangerous rival. Her looks quickly sought those of the Baron. He had long had his eyes fixed upon the enchanting, ineffably charming bridesmaid, but his relations to Julie made him cautious. When he observed that she was watching him, he immediately withdrew the admiring gaze which he had fastened on the unknown



beauty. A mischievous smile now lurked in his eye, as if he would say "Fear nothing; I see only you!"

Julie did not think of Waldemar, or else she would doubtless have been surprised at the changeable expression of his pale face. With a long deep sigh he retired behind the crowd of guests—for he had recognized Marie von Horst!

The ceremony was finished; and while the friends thronged round the bridal pair with congratulations, he found an opportunity to escape.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE SECOND ACT OF THE MARRIAGE.

ALREADY Rhenish wine, punch, negus, and confectionary had been handed round ; the health of the master of the ceremonies, proposed and drunk ; the epithalamium, composed expressly for the occasion, sung with great solemnity, and delivered on a waiter to one of the bride's little sisters, who, dressed in a clear white frock and with golden paper wings, acted as an angel. The Vicar's speech also had, to his own satisfaction and that of his guests, been happily got through ; in short everything was ready for them to begin the procession to the dancing-room, for which the

Vicar's large new barn had, with as much art as trouble, been prettily fitted up.

The master of the ceremonies had intimated to the gentlemen that each should conduct a lady, and after a march had been played by two trumpeters, who were to precede them, they were to disperse, and each with his lady dance the first waltz. The gentlemen therefore pressed eagerly past each other to ask right and left "May I have the honour?" "No, thank you!"—"Yes, I shall be very happy!" resounded through the room like the humming of a swarm of bees. Round Miss St. Hal stood a complete crowd, one a head taller than another, bowing and paying compliments. She held a little book of red morocco in her hand, in the tiny parchment leaves of which she wrote, with a gold pencil, the dances and the names of the cavaliers. She bowed her head with fashionable condescension to those whose request she accepted, and a slight shake of it decided the fate of the hopeless.

The Captain looked on in proud contentment. His fate, in the way of dancing, was

already sealed; he therefore kept himself, according to his mistress's desire, at some distance, and sought another object for his first attentions. The happy one, upon whom his choice was to fall, could not have been just at that moment on the spot; for the Baron stood like a pillar with his arms crossed, and looked fixedly at one of the doors. He now hastily went up to the bridegroom, and begged him to introduce him to the young lady who had just entered with the bride, who had gone outside to favour the servants with a sight of her respected person.

Lynnell acceded to his wishes, the Baron achieved his design, and Miss von Horst bowed modestly, and thanked him.

Mr. Lynnell now offered his young wife his arm, in order, with the groomsmen and bridesmaids, to head the procession to the dancing room. All the others followed their example. In one instant Julie stood quite alone; for at the first blast of the trumpet every one flew to their places. But Klein was not yet there. The Captain, who saw Julie's uneasiness, and guessed that the

Doctor was to be her cavalier, quickly made a slight apology to his lady, and hastened out to seek for Waldemar; an attention with which Julie seemed pleased.

The Doctor who, in the mean time, had measured Mr. Trasselin's room (which was now deserted) about twenty times with great strides, had at length quieted, by musing and reflection, the tempest in his heart, and stood ready with outward calmness and self-command, to return again and behold Marie and his *fiancée* together. The blast from the trumpet reached his ear, and he hastened away as fast as possible. Half way between the small and the large dwelling, he encountered the Captain.

"Dr. Klein," said he, in a sharp, quarrelsome, voice, "allow me to draw your attention to this fact, that when one engages a lady, the common rules of society require that one should not cause her embarrassment by being absent when the dance begins."

"If you are commissioned by my partner, Captain von K——, to execute this charge, permit me to inform you, that she shall hear

my excuses from my own self. If, on the contrary, you have undertaken it out of your own politeness, and upon your own account, I shall have the honour to render you my particular thanks, for the uncalled-for trouble, with which it has pleased you to charge yourself, with my private affairs."

"They shall be received as they deserve," answered the Baron, in a haughty tone, and they exchanged looks, which on both sides seemed to contain the assurance, "We shall meet again." After which they hurried in.

Julie received Waldemar's sincere petition for forgiveness with indifference. A sudden indisposition, caused by the excessive heat, which his appearance did not contradict, made the matter credible; and now they followed the other guests. Klein soon convinced himself that Marie had also become an object of the Baron's gallantry; for they were the pair who preceded Julie and himself down the pathway (which was strewn with sand and adorned with fir) to the dancing room.

Waldemar had great difficulty in keeping down his inward vexation at the Captain's



manifold, although innocent encroachments upon all that did belong to him, or might have done so. Every time that the Baron bent down to speak a few words to his pretty neighbour, he felt an almost invincible desire to snatch the girl away, and to twist the Baron's neck. Happily neither the Captain, nor his partner, looked back. Klein's attentively listening ear heard with pleasure that her answers were short, and he saw, that in her whole manner, there lay something so unspeakably grave and quiet, that it commanded the Captain's respect, and even kept his continual chattering to such subjects as were of an indifferent nature.

From these observations, which were highly satisfactory to him, he was awakened by Julie's asking him,

"Do you know Waldemar, who that young lady is, whom Baron von K—— is leading to the dance?"

"Very well," answered he; "she is from W——, and is named von Horst."

"Perhaps you know her personally;" continued Julie.

Waldemar looked searchingly into her eyes ; but nothing more was to be read there but common curiosity. Satisfied at this, he replied, although not in his usual unconstrained voice—

“ I have had the pleasure of being her Mother’s physician during a severe illness, and have also, since then, visited her occasionally. What do you think of Miss von Horst ? ”

“ She is very pretty,” replied Julie ; “ and if I am not mistaken, you think so too. Now say, Waldemar, am I not right ? ”

She laughed so jestingly, that Waldemar really began to fear this might be more than a sudden idea. An unusual degree of calm seriousness lay in his voice, therefore, as he answered—

“ You allow yourself that she is pretty, dear Julie ; I acknowledge that I share your opinion, which is also the general one ; for as far as I know, envy itself has not been able to find out anything to criticize in Miss von Horst’s appearance.”

“ You are a passionate admirer and pane-

gyrist, I perceive," said Julie, smiling, "and the object is not unworthy of it. If you had become acquainted with her before me, who knows to which you would have paid your homage?"

Julie just threw in this remark as a jest, for she had not the slightest reason for anything else. Besides it was not in her nature to be jealous and suspicious; she was too much convinced of her own value to give way to such idle thoughts.

Her words occasioned Waldemar painful embarrassment, but he was relieved from answering, for the promenade was at an end, and the guests entered the splendidly lighted barn with very great delight. The walls were adorned with foliage and garlands of flowers; coloured lamps hung in several rows round the wall, and shed a brilliant light over the room.

A lively dance was now played. Besides the trumpeter, the musicians consisted of three worthies of the parish: the blacksmith, the tailor, and the coachmaker, in union with Mr. Trasselin's flute, and the organist's drum. It

must here be remarked, in parenthesis, that as far as concerns Mr. Trasselin's flute, it may indeed have been possible that he himself enjoyed some of its tones, but for the company, it was quite lost, being perfectly drowned by the impolite trumpeter. But this the good Trasselin did not take into consideration. He blew on lustily, occasionally wiping his face with a new striped blue linen pocket-handkerchief, so that the white cambric one might remain untouched for to-morrow, when it should float like a friendly flag of truce between his hand and the pulpit. The Curate, accustomed from his youth upwards, to hear lectures upon economy in washing, wished to burden the Vicar's wife as little as possible in this respect. Poor Trasselin ! As he wiped his face with his blue handkerchief, his usually pale skin acquired more and more the colour of a person with the liver complaint.

After this dance the waltz began. Walde-mar and Julie, the Baron and Marie, always happened to dance at the same time, and as the rest of the company were satisfied to look at the light movements of these handsome and

graceful couples, they stood still and let them dance on alone.

Marie's eyes were constantly fixed on the ground. Poor Marie! If she looked before her, her eyes encountered Waldemar's, if she looked at the side she beheld him, and wherever she looked he was always there, and at his side, Juno herself, whose bright shining eyes seemed to remind Marie of her own insignificance. She now ventured to raise her eyes to her cavalier, and was quite alarmed at the dark threatening look with which he was regarding Waldemar. Now she became, like all the daughters of eve, tempted with curiosity to learn how Klein looked at the Baron, and she was uncertain if that really was Waldemar, for his appearance reminded her of a wounded and captive lion, before which some one held its young in revenge. Marie could never have imagined it possible, that Waldemar's quiet and serene features could have assumed such an expression.

She now glanced again at Juno, and trembled at the triumphant look with which she alternately regarded the Baron, Klein, and

herself. "So that is Waldemar's *fiancée*!" thought she, and she sighed involuntarily. She then reflected how strange it was, that with all the contending emotions which wrung her soul, she could assume the outward gaiety which the occasion demanded.

As soon as the waltz was ended; and the Captain and the Doctor had conducted their partners to their places, in different parts of the room, they seemed to exchange characters. The Baron immediately posted himself behind Julie's chair, and commenced one of his frivolous conversations, which she delighted in hearing. The subjects were so numerous and entertaining, that they did not break off until the quadrille began, and after this it was uninterruptedly carried on between each figure. Now and then a look from Brink, and a few words which he whispered to her, occasioned her to refrain a little on her side; but the opportunity was so attractive, so dangerous, and alluring for Julie's unfortunate vanity! She beheld Waldemar silent, gloomy, and reserved, as she thought from jealousy of the Baron, who was tender, animated, and amiable in the



highest degree. Sometimes she reproached herself for listening to the flattering speeches which he uttered ; however, weakness again whispered to her, " Only this one more evening will I allow myself to enjoy his society ; then . . . ." but then Pride came again, and wondered why Waldemar did not exert himself more earnestly to engross her attention ; and at this thought she became strengthened in the conviction that his heart was cold, and would never learn to understand hers, for he did not love her. As soon as she had settled this, she gave herself up to the impulse of the moment, and enjoyed the fleeting hours without concerning herself further about the future.

In the mean time Klein took a few turns up and down the room, and each time came nearer to the place where Marie sat. At length he went up to her and assured her, in short, disjointed, and somewhat unconnected words, of his pleasure and surprise at seeing her there.

" I can well believe, Doctor Klein," said she with a faint smile, and a slight tremulous-

ness in her voice, “ that you *are* surprised to see me here ; and yet your surprise cannot be greater than mine, at so unexpectedly meeting you here, as I thought you were too much occupied in W——, to be able to take little pleasure trips.”

“ My journey I have not considered as such,” replied he in a hollow strange voice. “ I asked for leave in order to visit my—my sister and my *financée*.” He was silent.

“ And I,” began Marie, so as to break this painful pause, “ after innumerable times renewing the request, at length received my mother’s permission to be present at my young friend’s wedding. Mrs. Lynnell was for several years at school in W——. She lived then in Mamma’s house and since that time we have uninterruptedly carried on a friendly correspondence with each other.”

If Marie had continued to speak for whole hours together, Waldemar would not have heard one word. He stood with his arms crossed, silently before her ; his penetrating looks seemed to pierce into the depths of her soul, and to wish to read there other words

than those which sounded in his ears in strange artificial tones. Marie looked at him, and a painful shudder ran through her delicate form. She would willingly have died, if at this moment she might have wept on that faithful heart, which bled with her own ; however, in her pure soul, in which an angel might with joy have taken up its abode, a less selfish idea soon arose, namely, that of bringing Waldemar to himself, and to recall his position to his memory.

“ Dear Klein,” whispered she, therefore, in her old, well-known, sweet voice, which, with the pain and pleasure of remembrance penetrated his very soul, and filled it with a secret feeling of delight mingled with grief. These two feelings were inseparably connected, for a dark suspicion haunted him, that the dear sound which spoke to his heart, might be joined to another which spoke to his reason, and which other might dispel the blissful dream of his fancy.

Hastily he bent down to her.

“ What does Marie wish ;” asked he gently and tenderly, as she was silent for a minute.

“Calm yourself, Klein ! Do not look at me so ! Go to your *fiancée* and do not speak any more to me this evening !” said she with emotion.

“Only one single question ; do not deny me your answer, and then I will go. In what relation do you stand to Mr. Billing ? Are you engaged to him ?”

She blushed deeply and said, “I think, Doctor Klein, you might have spared us both this question ; however, as you have asked me, I must tell you, that I am not as yet, but probably in a few weeks I shall no longer be able to say so.”

Silently he bowed and disappeared. Where he remained for some hours after this no one knew, but he was not in the dancing room, for several pretty girls among his old acquaintances had counted with certainty upon a dance with him, and wofully deceived themselves. How often are not even more important plans frustrated by seemingly insignificant causes ; and what so subject to the laws of changeableness as plans of any kind.

Whether these reflections occurred to the

above mentioned graces, or whether they consoled themselves with other partners, remains in doubt; we may presume, however, that their displeasure was only temporary, for they all appeared to be very contented and happy, and the gay wedding at the vicarage in S——argd, served as an inexhaustible topic of agreeable conversation for many months, not only in private, but in society.

Time flew quickly on; the lights burned almost to their sockets, and the uncurling locks of the bride reminded the guests that supper-time must have arrived. The bridegroom now proposed that they should have a country-dance. Every one was delighted at it. Klein then entered, heaven knows from whence, and without stopping a moment he went up to Marie.

“Permit me, Miss von Horst,” said he aloud, in a perfectly composed voice, “to claim the country-dance, which I was obliged so unexpectedly to give up at Halleberg?”

Marie regarded him in extreme astonishment. She would willingly have declined, but his request was so decided, that it would have

created surprise to the numerous by-standers if she had refused him, as she was not engaged. That would not do, so she took her place with him among the dancers, trembling lest Juno should look at her ; but Juno and the rest of the world were speedily quite forgotten. These fleeting moments comprehended for her all the felicity that this world could afford.



## CHAPTER XV.

THE MORNING AFTER THE WEDDING ; OR THE THIRD ACT,  
IN WHICH THE REVOLUTION BREAKS OUT.

POOR Mrs. S., the vicar's wife, had not closed her eyes all night ; she had so much to think of, and truly it is no insignificant business to arrange a crowd of minor duties ; first, the coffee early in the morning, then the breakfast, then the dinner, to which all the persons of rank from five parishes were invited ; and then, the worst of all, to receive and entertain in the kitchen, all the peasantry who would swarm there from the church, to offer their congratulations, and in return to be treated with the brim-full beer can, and the never-failing cheese, bread, and butter.

Although Mrs. S. had prevailed upon the organist to put the clock a little back, it was about eight in the morning as she stood among the remains of the supper, before the groaning breakfast table in the parlour. She busied herself setting everything to rights, praised Louisa, her second daughter, who had made such tasteful arrangements, and excited her to surpass herself in the folding of the napkins, and decorating the herring-salad for the dinner. And after she had given the half-sleepy girl some orders, which required her presence in the cellar, she sat herself in the arm-chair at the upper end of the table, which had been placed there for the Vicar, and contemplated with joyful eyes her own and Louisa's work.

Mr. Trassellin now thrust his head in at the door. He had not slept any more than Mrs. S., and had been as much occupied as she had been, only with this difference, that he had confined himself entirely to his sermon. For one whole month Mr. Trassellin had uninterruptedly worked at it, always making new additions and improvements. Nevertheless, he commenced late on the preceding night

when the company separated, looking over it once again, for to preach before such a numerous audience required extreme care in the arrangement and choice of the matter. A newly ordained curate being always severely criticized.

Knowing this Trassellin examined his work with the greatest attention. Wherever he found a flaw he immediately threw in some splendid rhetorical flowers ; he mended and patched it so much, that at last quite a new sermon arose out of the old one, and when it was finally finished, his head sank upon the table, weighed down by exhaustion.

He had aroused himself however, for we left him with his head just inside the parlour door.

“ Come in, come in, Mr. Trassellin ! ” cried Mrs. S., helping him with her own hand to some of the distilled brandy in the little gilded silver goblet. “ Have we not been quick to-day ? ” continued the lady ; “ Louisa has arranged all this during the morning hours ; the girl will become in time a clever house-keeper, of that I can assure you.”

“ Ah, ha ! how active the girl is,” thought Trassellin, but he was prevented by a large wing of a fowl, which he held between his teeth, from giving his opinion, therefore he only nodded with his head in sign of acquiescence.

“ Well !” said Mrs. S., “ I was not present when they danced for the bridal crown ; to whom did it fall, and to whom the garland ?”

“ Your humble servant got the latter,” said Trassellin with a bow, “ and Miss Louisa received the crown.”

“ Eh ! what do you say !” exclaimed Mrs. S. “ Well, well ! nobody knows where the hare may run, as the adage says. If you make friends with the people, Mr. Trassellin, I think you will have as good a chance as any one else, of getting the Curate’s place when old Hartmansson dies, and,” added she kindly, “ in a few years I shall have no objection to make all these arrangements again,”

Mr. Trassellin’s face became crimson, and he stammered forth a few words which he himself did not understand, much less Mrs. S.

“ Well, joking apart,” began the latter

again, "I expected Waldemar Klein and Julie St. Hal, who are soon to be married, would have received the crown and garland."

"Even if the bridal pair had intended this," answered Trassellin, "it could not have been carried out, for as soon as the company rose from table, the Doctor slipped away, into the room which had been set apart for the gentlemen, for the night. He said he felt unwell, and so he appeared to be."

A noise was now heard upon the stairs, and immediately after the bashful bride entered in a white morning dress with the bridegroom, happy and proud in his new dignity as a married man. They both approached Mrs. S., who, with tears in her eyes, gave them her blessing, and her kind exhortations for the future. These last, however, were soon interrupted by the wedding guests who came crowding in, and many jokes were addressed to the bride, which were rewarded by the laughter of Commissioner Lynnell. All was mirth and happiness.

After breakfast they were to go to church, and those who were not so inclined were to

take care of themselves as well as they could. Nothing is better than freedom: it is the soul of hospitality.

Julie, who wished to devote these hours, when all were away, to reflection, had taken refuge in a little room up stairs, in order there in peace to deliberate upon the explanation which she would be compelled soon to give. Either she must break off with Klein, at the idea of which, however, her heart recoiled, nay, it even bled, notwithstanding all its weakness, and which also she dared on no account do without her father's consent, or she must say to the Captain, "I am engaged, and have only been jesting with you."

Fate released her however from this disagreeable alternative, and grasped with its firm strong hand the chain of the affair.

The Captain had sat for some time in the church, but as the sermon was too long for him, and according to his views too tiresome also, he quietly slipped out again. Happily Mr. Trassellin did not perceive him, or it would have vexed him very much to see himself and his sermon so slighted.



The Captain bent his steps to the shrubbery, to find shelter in its shady paths from the burning sun. Here he saw the Doctor sitting on a rustic seat, with a bundle of papers in his hand. This moment was as if made for an explanation.

“Your servant, Baron von K——,” said Klein rising, “very glad to meet you!” He put away his pipe, thrust the papers to one side, and motioned with his hand upon the board for the Baron to be seated.

For a moment or two the Captain stood undecided ; at length he sat down, and whilst he drew on the sand with his Spanish pipe he said—

“And I am not sorry either to meet Dr. Klein ! You did not choose your words yesterday evening particularly well.”

“How so ? What do you mean by that, Captain von K—— ?” asked Klein.

“You cannot well be so forgetful,” replied he, with more importance in his expression. “I will not speak of myself ; but you mentioned a certain lady with rather too much freedom, and you assumed in your conduct

towards her such an offensive intimacy, that I must politely beg you, in future, to observe etiquette a little more in your behaviour. Youth cannot last to eternity."

"But too true," answered the Doctor, and probably this was the first time that a sarcastic smile had played over Waldemar Klein's honest features. It was the case, however, as he added, "I am sorry that I cannot comply with your friendly wishes in reference to this lady; but on the contrary, I must request that you yourself will be pleased to restrain your attentions to her, as in short, they are not at all agreeable to me."

"What the devil, Doctor Klein!" exclaimed the Baron with a burst of anger. "If you do not know to whom you are speaking, I am forced to tell you, that I have never been accustomed to allow myself to be dictated to. You have not the slightest right, Sir, to speak as you have just permitted yourself to do!"

"Oh yes, I have though," replied Klein laconically, "for she is my intended wife."

“*Your Intended!*” laughed the Captain distrustfully, “I fear you must have dreamed that, my good Doctor!”

With calm dignity Klein said, “Baron von K——! The spirit of chivalry has certainly long since disappeared from our society, nevertheless I had a mind to shew you that I was ready to revenge the stain which you wish to cast upon my honour, in daring to doubt the truth of my words. I content myself, however, by allowing you to convince yourself with your own eyes, as to how much you have injured me.”

He handed the Baron at the same time his betrothal ring.

The Captain silently took it, turned himself towards the light, and read: “Julie St. Hal, the first of February, 1828.”

After a long silence the Baron spoke in a voice which sufficiently shewed the exertion with which he subdued his emotion, and with more self command than might have been expected from him.

“It is certainly quite correct; I am perfectly convinced, and beg you to excuse my

disbelief, as I was altogether unacquainted with this engagement."

He bowed politely to Klein, and left him. Without thinking of it he took the path to the sea-shore. Such a surprise, such a termination to his well laid plans for the beautiful heiress, was more than, at the first tumult of his feelings, he could bear. Little by little he began to perceive that they had been misleading him; but whether this had been done by design, or whether it had arisen from any peculiar chance, he could not determine. He well knew that Julie liked him, but of what use was that, if she was engaged to another — *Engaged!* That was the only word which, in reality, fixed the Baron's attention. She was not yet bound by the gordian knot. She might possibly be released from that which held her, and in case of necessity he himself might play Alexander's part.

All these feelings, or rather thoughts, rushed through the Baron's brain like a multitude of unmanageable schoolboys, who have just been let loose. At length, however, a result worked itself out of these obscure, jumbled ideas; and

the determination which came out victorious from the struggle, between the so-called feeling of honour, which preaches, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbours ——" and that which speaks of the impossibility of renouncing one's own wishes, made itself heard in the following half-muttered words :

"It is really enough to drive one mad! Six weeks lost! No, no, your humble servant! One must strike the iron while it is hot—now or never! —*His* Intended! That may be, but I can't help it. The girl is inclined towards me, that is clear—and as to the Doctor!——" a scornful triumphant smile played upon the Captain's well formed lips, and he industriously twisted his moustache up and down. "Yes, the Doctor shall find himself confoundedly left in the lurch."

Now he required no further reasons.

The Baron was more than convinced of the suitability of the step which he intended to take. He returned, therefore, to the house, in order to obtain an interview with Julie. There was no time to be lost now. He was determined, like Alexander, to cut through the

knot. And what were the motives of his conduct? Love!—The thing which the Baron was accustomed to call his heart had certainly something to do with it; but he himself knew best that he never considered it worth the trouble to bring this secondary object into account. The freedom to go and to return again when it pleased him, was a privilege of which Baron von K—— could never deprive his heart.

Well, was it then, self-interest?

It is true that Baron von K——'s whole riches were limited to, on one side, a wardrobe adapted to his position; for which, however, a few little bills were still remaining unpaid, and which stood upon exactly the same footing as the purchase-money of his commission as far as regarded the time when they were to be settled,—three very modern whips, just as many pairs of spurs, one Turkish tobacco-pipe, two pointers, and an excellent double-barrelled gun. But on the other side he possessed a handsome face, a splendid figure, a showy appearance, and an insinuating style of conversation. He rode with grace, danced with



grace, could even say the coarsest things with grace, in fact he was the quintessence of gracefulness. Consequently he possessed a sufficient number of good qualities—at least in his own opinion—to procure him a hundred rich matches. Therefore, properly speaking, it was not self-interest.

Baron von K—— was a very silly person, and in such dwells another still more powerful element. Victor Hugo says in *Notre Dame de Paris*, —“Supposing that a poet’s nature consists of ten parts, one can be perfectly certain, that a chymist who analyses it will find that nine parts are vanity, and one part selfishness.” With some slight difference this rule applies to silly persons. It was therefore vanity, wounded vanity, which added to the two less important reasons, prevailed upon the Baron to carry out his plans.

How he set about obtaining for himself the wished-for interview, or what sweet and edifying things he said to Julie remains for the most part unknown; certain it is, that an hour later he walked down the same path with her, where he had recently had the interview

with the Doctor, without his remembering or thinking anything about it ; it still less occurred to him that the Doctor might yet be sitting there.

In answer to something which the Baron had said, Julie replied as she walked along,—

“ No, Captain, you must not think of that ! My father is very strict upon this point, and I perceive that this would only cause many disagreeable occurrences, which you would do best to avoid.”

“ As far as they concern me, dearest Julie,” answered the Baron, “ you do not know the strength of my feelings, if you think that such slight obstacles could frighten me. Far from it ! Where there is so much to be won, something must be ventured. I conjure you, therefore, to tell me sincerely, if you had still a free choice between me and the Doctor, what you . . . . Oh, Julie ! tell me at once, what answer then would your heart give to my suit ?”

Julie remained silent in astonishment, for this question was a very critical one, and required some reflection before it could be answered.

“ Oh Julie ! your silence is to me the most tormenting pain. You have the happiness of my life in your hands. Draw the lot, but do it quickly ! ” begged he with impetuous violence.

“ This is love, it must be, ” thought Julie, — Poor deluded Julie ! How little you understand the divine flame, if you think it dwells in Captain von K——’s glass heart ! But the inexorable power of fate, which found in her weakness a true ally, drew her into its dark magic circle.

After a short pause, she answered in a clear calm voice, “ I have loved Waldemar Klein more than I could ever love anyone else ; but I have now reason to fear that we do not suit each other. If my hand were still free, it should belong to you. ”

The Captain, who naturally took this answer as a confirmation of her inclination for him, pressed her hand triumphantly to his lips.

“ But remember that I dare not break my word without my father’s consent ; and God knows, ” added she, again subjected to the

influence of her indecision, "if I can ever break it."

"It is already broken by the confession which you have just made," said a voice, at whose serious and solemn tones, Julie thought she heard the death knell of the bright hopes of her life, now for ever passing away. She had herself thrown the die. In the inmost depths of her soul she felt, in this, the most painful moment she had ever experienced, that it was cast, never to be recalled.

Waldemar, from whom they had only been a few steps distant, during their conversation, had risen, and when he perceived the overpowering emotion which his words had occasioned Julie, he added:

"All explanation is here superfluous ; the ring, I shall deliver up to your father Julie ! and appease him as well as I can. May you be happy in your new engagement ! and may your resolution, Baron von K— to confirm her temporal felicity be as honest and warm, as mine was !"

He pressed Julie's hand in emotion and hurried away ! and she—she felt the coldness

of death freeze her limbs ; but she was able, however, to command herself, and smile to the Baron, as, shocked at her extraordinary paleness, he asked her if she felt unwell, and wished to run to fetch some water.

“ You need not do so,” said she, with astonishing power over her stormy feelings, “ I am quite well ;” and a few hours later she sat at the grand dinner without any traces of her previous emotion, so that none of the other guests had the slightest suspicion of what had taken place. By this she escaped, at least, the disagreeableness of becoming the object of the loud whispers of curiosity and blame. And this was no small advantage.

But in Julie’s heart a chord had snapped, which neither time, nor change could restore again.

## CHAPTER XVI.

HURRAH ! HURRAH ! WAVE HATS IN THE AIR.

I HAVE hurried with such speed through the three acts of the wedding, that I only now, after taking breath, remember how uncivil it was to leave the younger Mr. St. Hal so long unnoticed. But a sick person does not play an important character, either in real life, or in the theatre of fancy, except when he makes his will. However, Gustavus St. Hal, not having got quite so far yet as to think of that duty, both he, and the reader, will kindly excuse that he was left for some time in obscurity.

On the evening of Midsummer-day, as the



noise of the rattling of the last carriage had died away, Gustavus had left his bed for the first time, and had taken the long promenade from it to the sofa at the other end of the room. He had dressed himself, as it appeared, with particular care.

The always obliging Brink had, before he went away, cut his hair extremely well (for what did not Brink understand ?) and shaved his beard, which during his illness, had grown terribly long. All this occasioned an extremely advantageous change in the appearance of Gustavus. He then dressed himself in a pair of white trousers, red morocco shoes, and a loose dressing gown of green silk, which was fastened at the waist by a black belt ; and in this negligent, but tasteful costume, and leaning on his Spanish cane, he nodded to the servant to leave him.

As soon as the man had withdrawn, which he did instantly, Gustavus went to a desk which stood upon his writing table, took out a box, opened it, and brought forth a ring on which beautiful gems sparkled. He kissed it reverently, and said half aloud to himself,

with some emotion "Holy remembrance of a most beloved mother! when wilt thou again adorn a female hand!"

A slight sigh escaped him! but hearing a noise outside, and not wishing any one to see the pledge which he intended to part with at the most important moment of his life, he quickly hid it, threw the little box into the desk, and closed the lid. The noise which had disturbed him did not come from a chamber outside, but from the courtyard below. He went to the window, pushed the blind aside, and opening it a little, inhaled in long, deep, draughts, the balmy air of a delightful summer evening. Besides, he wished to show himself to his retainers, who had assembled in the court to dance round the May-tree. He remained there a few minutes, and after he had ordered the butler to give some brandy to the people, that they might drink to the speedy recovery of their young master, he retired from the window, threw himself down in a reclining position upon the sofa, and commenced his usual occupation of reading the newspapers. But either he had

already looked through them, or he found no particular pleasure from their contents ; he merely turned over the leaves, and after he had very carefully glanced through them, he recommenced the same work, until at length he was interrupted by Caroline, who came in with the tea.

“ Ah, Gustavus,” she exclaimed, in astonishment, “ are you up ! I am heartily glad of that ; but, dear Gustavus, I fear you may——”

“ What, Caroline !” interrupted he, “ are you not yet off ? the dreadful uproar upon the steps and in the avenue, has long since ceased ; it is surely not going to begin again ?”

Gustavus had his reasons for feigning ignorance of Caroline’s remaining at home ; which, however, his previous careful toilet seemed to contradict, as well as his too evident trembling, and the way in which he almost held his breath when he heard the first sound of her footsteps in the ante-chamber.

“ All who wished to go to the wedding,” answered she, gaily, “ must now be there ; I found no pleasure in it.”

“And why not, dear Caroline? You are young, and healthy, and gay; I don’t see why it should not give you pleasure.”

“Uncle St. Hal has been so kind as to allow me to invite my good old Lindmann, and Aunt Lisa Greta here. They have just arrived, and are at tea in the front room with Uncle. How could I prevail upon myself to leave them! Ah, by the by, Gustavus! uncle begs you not to be impatient that he cannot come to you until the evening; his gout is so troublesome to day.”

“Oh, I am not so particular about that; but tell me, was this really the cause of your staying at home? If so, I must admit that you are very polite, Caroline!”

“Not too much so, Gustavus! you do not know what Lindmann and Aunt Lisa have been to me, on many a sad day; yes ever since my childhood. Besides, such a gay scene would but ill accord with my mourning dress, and with the sorrow of my heart.”

“*With the sorrow of your heart, Caroline.* You mean the grief for your father?” Gustavus’s eye was fixed with a peculiar expression upon

the embarrassed girl, an expression for which I can find no name.

“Certainly, how can you ask me that?”

This more than odd remark sent the blood into her cheeks.

“Have you never had another grief? Tell me, have you never felt a pain which could be compared to it?”

“I am sure I cannot tell you. . You ask me such curious questions, Gustavus, that, if you were not still looked upon as ill, I should be very angry at them.”

“Do not be that, Caroline? it would not be kind of you. But if you consider me still unwell, do not refuse to answer me one single question, which will have an important influence upon my recovery.”

“Well?” asked Caroline, turning to the table to busy herself with the medicine bottles which were already arranged in very good order.

“No, no!” exclaimed Gustavus, impatiently. “You must look me in the face while you answer; I shall then be able to read if you speak the truth.”

Caroline placed herself before the sofa, fixed her sweet, open look, smilingly upon him, and he began—

“ By all that was, is, and will be, dear to you, tell me now, but do not deceive me ! was there not still another reason for your remaining at home to-day ? ”

“ I think,” answered Caroline, uneasily, “ Gustavus has taken upon himself to-day the office of an inquisitor, and if what people assert is true, namely, that these holy persons possess the power of being able to see through the person confessing, then you must well know that I remained at home to attend upon you.”

Although she took every pains to utter these words with the greatest calmness and indifference, yet her eyes cast on the ground, her deep blush, and the embarrassed way in which she pulled at her apron, showed less composure than she wished to assume.

He regarded Caroline with a look which seemed to wish to penetrate the thick veil with which a woman, if necessary, can hide her inmost feelings, and taking her hand, said—



“ I thank you with my whole heart, for having had the courage, although indirectly, to be sincere. I have read in your soul ; your downcast eyes, your glowing cheeks, say more than your words to my conviction. And I believe you. Oh ! that I had sooner believed you ! Many bitter hours, days and years had I then spared you and myself ! ”

“ You are quite enigmatical,” answered Caroline, turning to go away.

“ No, not now,” said Gustavus, holding her back, in joyful emotion. “ Sit down by me and hear my confession—*you* shall now be the Inquisitor. See, to you, my heart, and the leaves of my life’s book, are from this moment open. For many years, almost since childhood, you have been the mistress to whom my feelings and wishes did homage. Persons of my disposition of mind, only love once ; but I am naturally extremely distrustful ; and as I knew that I was not quite an Adonis, I feared you might, as I then was, with my singular, often gloomy disposition, my delicate health, and my serious life, have no answer to my warm and sincer feelings. And more bitter

than death to me was the thought that you might give me your hand because the rich St. Hal, as the saying is, was no such contemptible match. Oh ! how much, Caroline, have I not suffered on account of this suspicion of your noble heart ! For this reason I have so often distressed you, sometimes by attentions from which you could judge of my feelings, and at other times by a repelling coldness, when I thought that you did not sympathize with them. Whether you really did so or not, I never could decide ; but when the Pastor proposed to you, I determined to go to Copenhagen, to give you an opportunity to act according to your own opinion, for a few months. When I came to my recollection again after my illness, I asked Brink, in whose discretion I always had confidence, how the affair had ended. What joy it was for me, when I heard that you had refused his offer ! Brink related to me also your energy at the time of the unlucky upset, and your tender care afterwards. I therefore determined to make myself certain as to your way of thinking. For two or three weeks I have ventured

to hope; but at this moment my dear, dear Caroline, I consider myself convinced. Oh say! will you share with me the happy or stormy days of my life? You know my disposition. If you think you will be able to bear with me, it is possible you may make me into something better than I am."

"Gustavus! I will be every thing to you," said she deeply moved, and the tumult of feelings in her warm and faithful heart vented themselves in blissful tears.

How soon she awoke from this state of felicity she did not know herself very well, but a long time must have flown, when the Inspector Lindmann put his head in at the door.

"Excuse me, Miss Caroline, but the old gentleman begs to ask if you are not coming back with the arrack for the punch, which you promised to prepare?"

"Ah! good Mr. Lindmann," said Caroline, in the greatest embarrassment, and withdrew herself from the encircling arms of Gustavus, "I really quite forgot it."

"So it appears," answered Lindmann, with

a good-natured smile, " I now perceive why I in vain preached about the Pastor's advantageous offer."

" Dear Mr. Lindmann," said Gustavus, throwing his arms again round his *fiancée*, " this situation is, to be frank, still so very new to me, that I cannot yet part with Caroline. You must try to make the punch as well as you possibly can, Mr. Lindmann. The housekeeper knows where the arrack is to be found. And when it is ready bring a bowl of it here ; and see to it, that my father and the old aunt give us their company ; but be silent so long !"

Lindmann nodded joyfully, and went to fulfil the commission, feeling full ten years younger from delight.

Two hours later the costly ring, that holy emblem of the new engagement, sparkled on Caroline's finger. The paternal blessing had been given from trembling lips and a warm heart. And from the courtyard the joyful hurraing of the miners resounded for the happiness of their young master and his

*fiancée*. Hats were thrown high in the air, for Gustavus had directed a sum of money to be divided amongst them, so that they should remember this day, which marked his entrance into a terrestrial paradise.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE EXAMINATION.

ON the same evening old Mr. St. Hal sat with his children and conversed with them about their own, and Waldemar's and Julie's approaching marriage, which the father wished celebrated at the same time. With the usual garrulity of old people, he enlarged upon the splendour and festivities which should exceed everything that had ever been seen in the whole parish. Gustavus and Caroline smilingly nodded assent. At this moment carriages drove into the courtyard, and a servant maid brought the news that the wedding guests had returned.



Julie did not show herself, but went immediately to her own room, pleading a violent headache ; and although her father twice sent to beg her to come down to table, she could not obey his commands, as she had gone to bed.

The next day also, when all the strangers had taken their departure, Julie did not make her appearance.

On the evening before, Waldemar had had a long interview with Caroline, and had confided to her what had taken place at the Wedding. Caroline, on her side, informed her brother that in consequence of the event of the previous day she was the happiest woman on earth. From the depths of his heart he wished her joy of her engagement, and himself, upon being released from *his*. This remarkable change of persons in the intended union of both houses gave him good hopes of being able to pacify Mr. St. Hal about his daughter's frivolous way of acting, and to bring him to perceive in this exchange of brothers and sisters, the guiding hand of providence. Waldemar further communicated

to Caroline that he had not wished to mention a word to Marie of the important event (although he had a good opportunity to do so at the Vicarage) until the affair had been settled with the old gentleman. He finished with these words—

“ Before my engagement is entirely cancelled, my honour does not permit me to consider myself free ; but as soon as the impending storm has passed over, I shall immediately set off for W——, to build my own temple of happiness again.”

On this morning, after all the wedding guests had departed from Knapergaard, every body seemed to wear an uneasy look. The Captain betook himself early to the chase. Brink had gone from the wedding into the town direct to conclude the purchase of some articles manufactured in wood. The younger St. Hal overlooked his affairs on this day for the first time for a long while. Caroline had gone to the Vicarage to make a visit of excuse and congratulation, but which visit, however, in reality was occasioned by the wish to see and become acquainted with Marie von Horst.

Julie had shut herself up under the pretence that she required rest ; and as Lindmann and the old aunt had already returned to Bünkenäs, the Doctor and old St. Hal were the only persons together in the house. As Waldemar saw that in any case he and the old gentleman would have to keep each other company, he determined to make use of the opportunity ; for the ice must be broken some time or other.

He entered the front sitting-room where the proprietor sat alone, rubbing his foot, which was tormented with the gout.

“ Welcome, my son,” he cried joyfully, “ I don’t know where all the people are gone to-day, but this I know, that they have left me quite alone. Well, you have, of course, been in there with Julie, and have congratulated Gustavus and Caroline ? ”

“ No, my dear father ! I have not met Julie to-day ; and I have not yet been to Gustavus, partly because he is occupied, and partly, also, because I wished first to speak to you about an affair of importance.”

“ What do you mean ? ” asked the old gen-

tleman, somewhat surprised. "It is surely not to make any objections to this match?"

"No, not the slightest against that of Gustavus and Caroline; I wish them, from my inmost heart all possible happiness. But——but——"

Waldemar was extremely nervous. The affair was too delicate and critical to come to it at once without some little preface. He had never been so much embarrassed to find suitable words to express his thoughts.

"You have something on your mind. What do you mean by 'but'? Speak out, I cannot guess what you mean."

Waldemar took courage and answered, "Yes, dear father, I will speak out; the less there is to say against the marriage between Gustavus and my sister, the more objection is to be made to that between Julie and me."

"Why impossible, Waldemar! objections——did I hear rightly?"

The Doctor bowed respectfully.

"Well, I must say!——"

The old gentleman rubbed his foot at the same time, with such violence that it would

have been difficult to decide whether his own rubbing or the gout caused him the most pain.

“I am very curious to know of what these objections consist.”

“My dear good father, do not annoy yourself too much about it. People cannot command their hearts. Julie does not love me; I have heard from her own lips that if she had to choose again, not I, but——”

“Tittle-tattle!” exclaimed the old man interrupting Waldemar. “I gave you credit for more sense than to cherish such ill-humour, which might be passed over in a boy, but not in a reasonable man, because, perhaps, a foolish young girl like Julie, jokes a little with her chosen one.”

“The question here is neither of boyish whims nor of joking, my honoured sir!” replied Klein, in a tone which left no doubt remaining of the seriousness and truth of his words.

“So, so! well what proofs have you to bring forward to maintain your assertion?”

“For one, look there!” said Klein, pointing through the window to the Baron, who was returning from hunting.

“The Captain!” exclaimed Mr. St. Hal, laughing. “He is an excellent and lively companion; but there is nothing to fear in that quarter, I think. Besides, Julie certainly may be a little foolish and unwise, perhaps, even a little thoughtless, but it seems incredible that she should have made you such a frank confession. Yes, really, altogether incredible!”

“At all events she expressed it to the Baron; and I sat near enough to overhear it.”

Klein now related the whole of the particulars of the affair, however, in the mildest terms. And after he had said a few comforting words to the poor father, now pale with sorrow, he silently laid the ring which he wore on his finger, on the table.

“In giving up this pledge I renounce, for ever, the claim of calling you by the sacred name of father; but in my heart—my grateful heart, you will always continue to be looked upon as such,” said he, with emotion, after a long pause.

“Well, well! not so fast, if I may beg you,”



said the old man with a gloomy look, drawing his thick eyebrows together. "Call Julie down! I will hear the truth from her own mouth."

Waldemar did so, and after the lapse of some time she stood pale and silent before her father.

"Waldemar has brought me strange intelligence," began he in a voice which seemed to expect a refutation; "what have you to say in your own defence?"

"Nothing," answered Julie, with gloomy calmness.

"Nothing! why not? Does that mean that you acknowledge yourself guilty? that you, the betrothed of another, have given yourself to, I may say, a perfect stranger, that you—I really am ashamed Julie, to utter it!—in a word, how does the matter stand between you and the Captain?"

"My dear father, as Waldemar has already informed you of everything, I have very little to add. I presume you know what answer I gave the Baron when he offered me his hand."

"You are very decided and very bold, my

daughter, but you may deceive yourself excessively, if you rely upon my inclination to favour your castles in the air."

"My dear father," replied Julie, coldly and with great seriousness, "we are all open to the weakness of building castles in the air. *You* also, and Waldemar's father did so. Be assured that from the beginning an invincible barrier stood between this wish and its accomplishment. Of what this consisted I have, particularly, since yesterday, obtained a knowledge."

"Nonsense, Julie, you contradict yourself! If this barrier has been there since the commencement, it is very clear that it cannot be the Baron. What was it then? Do you hear? I insist upon knowing!"

Julie cast a quick strange look at Waldemar, and answered, "My dear father pray put an end to this painful examination, and I will tell the whole truth."

"Very well then, I promise; but take care, Julie, that you do not deceive me."

"I have," said she, hastily and with downcast eyes, "never loved Waldemar; we are

quite opposite to one another. I saw *that* from the first ; but I did not wish that my father or Waldemar should think my consent had been obtained by persuasion. Chance has enlightened you as to my way of thinking. Nevertheless, I should not have broken my word if he to whom it had been given had not overheard my conversation with the Baron, and had not, as I see—" she at the same time raised the ring from the table—"already anticipated my wishes."

"If it be so, my dear child," replied her father moved and surprised, "you have my permission to break off the engagement. God bless you ! I never could have thought that your heart was capable of so great a sacrifice."

"As far as the latter is concerned, dear father," said she in a voice which conveyed a double and deep signification, "my heart is capable of a still greater sacrifice ; as for the first, Waldemar has already taken care of that." She shook his ring, quickly drew her own off, upon which, notwithstanding a violent effort, a tear fell, handed it to Klein with a

bitter smile, and said, "Here, take back your freedom, which was only lost according to form. You are just as much convinced as I am, that we should not have suited each other. May you be happy—as happy as I wish you from my heart!"

She turned away, and Waldemar unable to dispute her words, pressed her hand silently to his lips.

"So, that is enough," exclaimed Mr. St. Hal half vexed at their conduct, "I see that you are both very happy to be free of each other. The whole match was a great piece of folly on the part of us old people. If only Gustavus and Caroline do not, one of these fine days, act in the same way! However," continued he, as nobody answered, "I am now accustomed to look upon you as engaged, Julie; if, therefore, you will take the trouble, Waldemar, to call the Captain down, we will make a little exchange."

"For heaven's sake, not at present, my dear father!" implored Julie, earnestly.

"Yes, at this very moment. I do not like to see you hang your head so; and this time

I will have my own way. You shall not have to make another sacrifice ; you shall answer me plainly and freely in the presence of the Baron, whether you will have him or not."

Klein went, at a wink from the old gentleman, and knocked at the Captain's door.

"Come in," said the Baron, who lay stretched upon the sofa, in his dressing-gown and slippers. He rose, astonished to see the Doctor in his room.

"I come," began Klein "as a herald of happiness to you. Mr. St. Hal wishes to see you, Julie is there ; all has been satisfactorily arranged."

With three springs the Baron was at the door, and pressing Waldemar's hand he said, smiling good humouredly—

"Can you forgive me, my dear Doctor?"

"With all my heart, Baron," answered he, with such unpretended openness, that it actually vexed the Baron that his triumph did not make that impression upon him which he had with certainty counted upon.

However, after a few pros and cons in his own thoughts, notwithstanding his disappoint-

ment at the Doctor's being so unmoved, the affair appeared to have taken so fortunate a turn, that only joy could find a place in the Baron's mind.

"Well Captain," began the old gentleman in a joking voice, as the Baron entered, "from what I hear, you have carried off the Doctor's *fiancée*. Don't you know the tenth commandment better?"

"Ah! my worthy sir," said the Baron with an insinuating smile, "I remember it very well, but as there *the wife* is only mentioned, but not one word of *the betrothed*, I am of opinion that the matter was intentionally passed over."

"Yes, yes, you understand how to plead as I hear; but you see it would have been no digression, if you had also remembered the ending, which stands thus—'nor anything that is thy neighbours'."

"Well yes, that may be," said the Baron gaily; "but we seldom look upon a rival as our neighbour; and if this cannot excuse the powerful temptation which led me on to intrude on the Doctor's rights, one fact must



plead for me, that before this remarkable wedding, I had not the least suspicion that Julie was engaged—my passion, therefore, had risen to such a degree, that I could no longer control it.”

“Well, it is very odd though,” said the old gentleman “that the Baron knew nothing of the affair—I took it for granted that he did. Why were you silent about it, Julie?”

“Why was I silent? I could not well, as no one asked me anything about it, say to the Baron : ‘Do you know that I am engaged?’”

“Ah, nonsense!” muttered her father ; “and I had something else to think of! Besides, the Baron must surely have seen the ring?”

“I beg your pardon,” answered the Baron ; “since I have been here, Julie has never worn such a ring.”

“Well, that is very strange! You have just taken it from your finger, Julie?”

“Dear papa, I put it on as I came down; otherwise, I have not worn it for a long time.”

“Hem, hem!” said the old gentleman ; “the world is turned upside down! And you,

Captain, why did you not propose for the girl, before you heard that she was engaged ?”

“ Oh, I wished to do so on the road ; but the Doctor hindered me. And as I could not have lived without Julie, I determined, all the same, to make an attempt, although Doctor Klein had communicated to me his engagement.”

“ As to living, my good Baron, there was no danger of that ; but as you have both got yourselves entangled in the affair, you must even live together, I suppose. And it will be my care to procure you what to live upon.”

This sounded like heavenly music in the Baron’s ears. He led his pale, beautiful *fiancée* to her father, who said——

“ Now Julie, are you still firm to your expression, that if you had to make a new choice, you would prefer the Baron to all others ?”

This was to poor Julie as if she were to pronounce her own sentence of death. Her head swam, and she stared at her father, without answering.

“ Now, my child, speak out your true senti-

ments, and do not trifle with your own and this man's future happiness. I wash my hands of it. Say, without dissembling, if you love him more than any other upon earth."

"Yes," answered Julie; for her looks met the intensely eager, uneasy expression in Waldemar's features—"yes, I do." And without resistance, she bore the Baron's violent attestations of joy, who, enchanted that he could do so in the presence of his rival, not only embraced her, but also his future father-in-law.

"God bless you, my Julie!" said Mr. St. Hal, pressing a fatherly kiss upon her cold brow.

She withdrew, for in truth she required rest. Very soon the news was known over the whole house, and every one shared the Baron's joy.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

REFLECTION, JOY, SURPRISE, SORROW, DIFFICULTIES, AND  
ALL SORTS OF GOOD AND EVIL, WHICH HAPPEN IN THIS  
WORLD.

MRS. VON HORST sat one forenoon, a week after the wedding, in her agreeable, and to us, well known parlour, and thought over who was to be invited to, and who to be left out at, the grand fête which Mr. Billing was going to give on the sixth of July. The cards of invitation for it were to be prepared immediately, according to the list of guests which Mrs. Von Horst was to deliver to her old friend.

She had a pencil and a sheet of paper

on the table before her, and when she had decided upon any one, she took a pinch of snuff and made a mark.

“What are you writing so thoughtfully, mamma?” asked Marie, who as yet unaware of the real object of the festivity, continued with apparent unconcern to remove some spots from her new evening dress, as the day before, at the grand dinner at the Vicarage, with Mr. Trassellin’s awkward aid, it had come into hostile contact with a sauce tureen. Marie sighed; unfortunately, the stains were not the only remembrances of the wedding.

“Yes child, believe me, it is important enough!” said the mother very seriously; “you do not know, how on such an occasion, every one expects to be remembered. *We* have not many acquaintances, but Mr. Billing has, and he has intrusted it to me to make a list of them.”

“Of whom, mamma?”

“Oh, I mean the guests who are to be invited to the betrothal feast. You have surely not forgotten, that you promised me,

on your return to settle the affair according to my wishes ?”

“Certainly not, mamma ! I merely wonder that it is already looked upon as concluded ; and with all due respect for you, it may well offend me that people think rather about the betrothal guests, than of the *fiancée*. Neither you nor Mr. Billing have mentioned a word of the matter since I came home.”

“Well, what was the necessity for it ?” replied Mrs. von Horst, who now found it suitable to use her authority. “The marriage was as good as settled. I had *your* promise, and Mr. Billing had *mine*. He knows of old that you always hang your head when the match is mentioned. However, in order that you may know that you are consulted about the guests, make yourself easy, he is coming this afternoon to speak to you—I expect him every minute ; and then Marie, there must be no scene, I say ; if you love me child,” added she much more mildly, “and do not wish to see my grey hairs brought with sorrow to the grave.”

“For heaven’s sake, my dear mother, do



not talk of leaving me," said Marie, softened by her mother's last words : "I will do all that you wish : only spare me the trouble of telling him so myself."

"No, certainly not, Marie ! he must hear it from your own lips, otherwise it would awaken (and with reason) his displeasure and his doubts as to your unconstrained consent. You must, therefore, tell your intended yourself, that you gratefully accept the happiness which he offers you."

It was the first time that her mother had called him *her intended*. A cold shudder passed over Marie, at the disagreeable idea of being obliged to think of old Mr. Billing, whom she had always respected as a father, as her husband. She had been compelled to give way to her mother's representations and entreaties : but now the most annoying part was impending—to say to him, herself, "I am ready."

Her train of thoughts was interrupted by her mother, who called her attention to the steps which were heard in the ante-chamber, and who whispered to her in the greatest anxiety—

“Now is the time, take courage my child : I will leave you alone, it will be better.”

Mrs. von Horst hastened away with her list of invitations.

Marie could scarcely breathe ; immediately after, the door opened ; and instead of the much feared Billing, Waldemar entered. Marie did not know if she were dreaming or awake. The most joyful smile of delight beamed on his countenance, so unlike that, with which he had last stood on that same spot.

“Marie !”—“Klein !”—words are so poor ; even in the first minute their whole souls lay in their looks : and how much more eloquent is not this language to interpret the most powerful of all feelings, than anything, that as yet, has been said or sung in prose or verse ?

“I am free,” said he, at length, “free, Marie, and can lay my heart and all I possess at your feet ! You also are still free ; determine, therefore, my beloved, to ensure the happiness of both !”

Not one word passed Marie’s lips. This

surprise was too great ; she looked at him doubtfully ; such bliss was impossible.

“ Marie, for heaven’s sake, what does this silence signify ? You have not yet accepted Billing ? ”

“ I expect him every moment,” answered she, quickly regaining her self-command ; “ he was promised to-day a decided answer. Poor Mr. Billing,” added she, sadly, “ will he ever forgive me ? Oh, Waldemar ! one hour more, and it would have been too late.”

“ Oh, hush,” answered he, joyfully, and he pressed his beloved to his heart, which beat with the purest earthly bliss ; “ now you are mine, Marie, and heaven and earth shall not tear you from me. I have surely your promise, dearest, and most beloved one.”

“ For eternity, my Waldemar,” whispered her soft expressive voice, and for the first time their lips met. Warm as life, and faithful as the grave their souls united in one blissful harmony.

In the mean time, Mrs. von Horst was in the next room, in the most unsupportable

anxiety lest all might not end favourably. Now and then she put her ear to the keyhole ; but the conversation was so low, that she could only here and there catch a sound.

“ Hem,” said she to herself, “ Billing is not accustomed to speak in so low a voice : and I don’t hear Marie crying. Heaven bless her, the good child ; she knows how to respect her mother and to be obedient to her wishes !”

Again she listened — and she thought she heard her daughter say : “ Yes, for eternity !”

“ Good, good,” said she, nodding her head and repeating, “ Yes, for eternity.” But she heard nothing more ; everything was as quiet within as if there had been nobody in the room ; Mrs. von Horst then thought from this silence that all must be arranged. She took one or two pinches from her large golden snuff-box, which as well as its contents—the incomparable Parisian snuff—was a gift from her esteemed friend, peeped into the glass to see if her cap and hair were in proper order, and with a pompous congratulation on her lips, she opened the door of the sitting-room.

If an apparition of one long gone to the tomb had met her view, she could scarcely have been more astonished than now, as, from the doorway opposite to the one in which she stood, the tall figure of Mr. Billing, bending forward as if turned into a statue met her gaze: the black, well made wedding clothes, which he wore in honour of the festivity of the evening, the glittering rings on his finger, and the still more glittering diamond and topaz breast-pin, in the dazzling white folds of the cambric beneath his waistcoat: all this, joined to his face, pale as death, made Mrs. von Horst suddenly draw back.

His whole appearance reminded her of the dead guest in the tradition, of whom it is related, that once in every hundred years, he, in exactly the same kind of costume that Mr. Billing wore, wandered about the earth for some weeks, during which time he chose out three brides, upon whom to vent his demoniacal malignity, and after having bewitched and infatuated them by flattery and fine promises, they were all three found dead in their beds with their heads twisted to the

back of their necks, on the identical night that the dead guest's sojourn on earth ceased.

As we have said, Mrs. von Horst at first fancied she distinctly beheld the above named terrific spectre. She soon quieted herself, however, on remembering that he was said only to appear during Lent ; and feeling ashamed of allowing herself to be frightened by her imagination, she stepped boldly forward and let her eyes follow the direction that those of Mr. Billing had taken—these were fixed upon an object at the other side of the room.

But who can describe her boundless consternation, her distress, her pain, when in one minute she beheld her whole groundwork, which she had erected with such skill and perseverance, thrown down, as if it were a house built of cards ! Fright, palsied her tongue for a moment, when she saw Marie sitting there, her head quietly resting upon the Doctor's shoulder ; he, with his arm thrown round her waist, talking softly and earnestly to her, both of them deaf to all the rest of the world.



However, Mrs. von Horst understood the art of awakening them. She quickly sprang forward, and cried, with the whole passionate violence of her anger :

“ Marie, for heaven’s sake, are you quite mad ? Girl, do you not see your intended standing unheeded at the door ? and *you*, Dr. Klein, I think you might have more discretion !”

“ My dear mamma—!”

“ My dear Mrs. von Horst !” exclaimed both at the same time.

“ Only listen to my explanation,” said Klein, “ my former engagement is broken off : and now Marie is mine !”

This bold assertion was too much to bear.

“ What, hear the explanation ! the engagement broken off ! Marie yours ! I shall go mad !” exclaimed Mrs. von Horst, throwing herself into an arm chair, for the first time in her life irritated at such extraordinary behaviour. “ I should like to know, how you can take the liberty, sir, to act in my house and with my child in this unheard-of manner. What do you mean by it ? what are you

thinking of? what do you believe? am I a mere cipher who can be put aside at pleasure?"

"Compose yourself, my good madam," said Klein, quietly, "my sentiments towards your daughter are not unknown to you. Remember the circumstances which separated us, and those which have now irrevocably united us. The will of a dying father was then sacred to me; but as this relation has been broken off by my former intended herself, I came, without suspecting a change in your way of thinking, to hear from Marie's lips the words which alone can give prosperity and happiness to my life. Let me impress upon you also, that from filial love, Marie was about to make a sacrifice, which at a nod from you, would have separated her from me for ever."

"Oh, yes! very likely she was going to do so," replied Mrs. von Horst, trembling with passion. And although she perceived that now there was nothing more to be done in the affair, as Billing, himself, had been an eye-witness of this scene, yet it enraged her exceedingly, that she must exchange the

wealthy Mr. Billing for the Doctor, who only lived by his practice. She had certainly a few months before considered the match with Klein as a good and desirable one ; but as Mr. Billing had come forward, and she had been accustomed to look upon his riches as her own, she could not reconcile herself, so easily to any other thought.

“ Yes, it is likely she wished to sacrifice herself to her filial duty,” continued she. “ In this case, be assured, she would have been at this moment the envied Mrs. Billing, instead of ——” Here she came a little to herself and broke off abruptly with “ instead of now causing her mother this sorrow.”

Waldemar listened smilingly to this outbreak, then took her hand, and looking at her with that open, honest expression which Mrs. von Horst never could withstand, said—

“ My dear madam, do not reject your old favourite because he does not possess a large fortune or handsome house. Only look at Marie’s face and mine, beaming with joy, and you will be reconciled to the exchange. Besides, my dear mother, we will also procure

for ourselves an agreeable dwelling, where your children will always consider it as the greatest pleasure to be able to welcome their esteemed and beloved mother."

At these kind and cordial words the crust of ice, which vanity and selfishness had raised round Mrs. von Horst's better feelings, melted away.

"Well, let it be as you wish, my dear children! Heaven bless you both! But you must yourselves see to it, how you are to make your peace with our much honoured guest."

Poor Mr. Billing, who had stood there, unnoticed and forgotten, during the whole scene, overcome by the many and bitter emotions which struggled in his soul, had in the meantime seated himself in one corner of the sofa, and, with his arms crossed on his breast, looked gloomily on the ground. The last soap-bubble which he had blown, and whose splendid glittering colours had held out to him for a few moments the hope of future happiness, had now burst before his eyes. Disappointment had always been his lot. He had more than once found by experience how

little the will and strength of mankind are equal to contest against the powers of fate. How often had he not stood on the verge of happiness, and when he thought to seize it, it had vanished from his sight; and he, the solitary wanderer upon the great field of life, was again alone. But on these dark nights a brilliant star had glittered in the firmament, whispering of peace, and meeting again in worlds above. At this grievous hour, his spiritual eyes met the friendly star, and he bowed his head humbly, in the belief and hope of an approaching recompense.

As Marie now stepped forward and held out her hand timidly and shyly to him, the storm had passed over. With a faint, but kind smile, he wished her all possible happiness.

Deeply moved, Marie said—

“Forgive us the distress which we have caused you; and believe me, that as my heart was already given away, I should have made a bad wife; but I will be a good daughter to you if you do not disdain to receive me as such.”

“I accept your offer,” answered Billing, no less agitated than she was ; and as Klein also approached with friendly, beseeching looks, he took their hands in his, and said—

“Once again, if you will fulfil my wishes, I will hope that life may yet have a few roses for me. I beg you both, as you no longer possess a father, to look upon me as such. The house which I have already had arranged for Marie, she and her husband shall inhabit. You, Doctor, will then be to me a friend and a son; and Marie a good daughter and a sweet attendant. When it pleases the Almighty to call me to his kingdom above, where all troubles cease, when you have closed my eyes, the temporal goods which I have gained through God’s grace, and my own exertions, shall belong to you.”

A festival of tranquil and holy pleasure, such as is rarely permitted on earth, was solemnized that evening at Mrs. von Horst’s house.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few months later, the “Post” and other papers announced among the country news—



“At Knapergaard, in the K——bergs Parish, on the 16th October, Gustavus Constantine St. Hal to Caroline Aurora Klein.”

And at the same place and on the same day—

“The King’s faithful servant, Baron Ernst von K——, Major of the S—— Dragoons, to Julie Wilhelmina St. Hal.”

Shortly after a similar solemnity was celebrated with the greatest pomp in W——. At all events the milliners of that little town had worked very hard to get everything ready by the 10th of November, as all who could be counted among the fashionable world, ate their Martinmas goose in Mr. Billing’s brilliantly illuminated house.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## RETROSPECT.

THREE years had rolled on since the events described in the preceding chapter had taken place.

Old Mr. St. Hal had for a year and a half slept the tranquil sleep of death. Happy those who cease to struggle before life's heavy storms strip off the leaves from the decaying tree!

Gustavus St. Hal had taken possession of Knapergaard. He was not deceived in his expected Paradise; for with Caroline, who lived in sweet attention to her husband's wishes, it was impossible for the Old Serpent

to creep in. Nevertheless he had yet one wish remaining; for he possessed no heir to his name and his fortune.

At Brünkenäs, Inspector Lindmann and old Aunt Lisa Greta lived quietly and calmly during the winter. All day long he smoked his pipe at the threshold of the barn; and she went backwards and forwards between the milktubs and the stove corner in the little room. The old pair passed the evening with a game at chess or picquet.

In summer it was more lively, for Doctor Klein and his family came from W—— to spend one or two months there; and then pleasure excursions between the two families were constantly made up. However, it seemed as if Gustavus could not suppress a sigh of envy and his young wife a tear, when they saw the Doctor's two blooming children.

Brink possessed a by no means insignificant property of his own. He also was happily married, and lived upon the most friendly terms with the two families. He remained the younger Mr. St. Hal's right hand, and in this quality still retained a room at Knaper-

gaard, which by its name of "Brink's room," plainly shewed that he was not looked upon as a stranger there. Mrs. Brink was a well-educated, sensible woman, whose society was agreeable to every one, for she was endowed with that happy talent of being able to adapt herself to the tastes and dispositions of others.

But how was it with the Baron and his young bride?

Immediately after the marriage, as soon as the large dowry in bundles of good bills of exchange and bank-notes reposed in the Captain's well-secured box, all the entreaties of the old as well as of the young St. Hal to persuade the new married pair to remain with them, were in vain. The first excuse for leaving Knapergaard was that they wished during the autumn, to visit the Baron's few relations; that was all very right, for how could they well belong to the fashionable world without taking a tour after they were married?

But the Captain's plans did not confine themselves to this; he, therefore, very politely gave his father-in-law to understand, that in order to please Julie, and to enliven her often

melancholy disposition, he had hired a dwelling in the capital for the following winter.

“What the devil do you mean by this story?” asked the old papa amazed; “until now I believe Knapergaard has satisfied Julie; I think, therefore, it is unnecessary for the future to travel to Stockholm to be enlivened. The house at Möllorupp will soon be finished, and Gustavus will remove there, and then I think you will have room enough here.”

“There is no question of that, my respected father-in-law. But we shall only remain away during the winter, after which we shall be so much the more delighted to be able to return home again, and spend that beautiful time of the year, the summer, in the country.”

“Indeed that I can well imagine! A winter in the capital costs a pretty sum of money, wherefore the journey home in Spring, follows as naturally as the night after the day; but it would not have been unsuitable if the Baron had mentioned his plans beforehand, for I say it frankly, they do not please me.”

The Captain was too cunning to irritate his

father-in-law by contradiction, he therefore said, with much caution, that he was sorry the affair could not be altered, the house was already hired.

“ If that be all,” answered Mr. St. Hal, somewhat appeased towards his son-in-law, because he had not taken offence at his rough mode of speech ; “ if that be all, the house need be no obstacle, for I will pay the rent, and do it very willingly, for a presentiment haunts me, that in one way or another, it will lead my daughter into misfortune, if this wish of her’s be fulfilled.”

The Baron was so disagreeably surprised, that he did not know what he should do, to have his most ardent desire carried out. At this moment Gustavus entered. Old Mr. St. Hal immediately communicated to him his conversation with the Baron.

Gustavus, who well knew that the Captain, after his former gay and dissipated life, would never be very long contented in their quiet domestic circle, and who also perceived that Julie would find just as little happiness in it, supported the Baron’s wishes ; for he was con-



vinced, that as they both longed for change, it would not help to promote the comfort of their domestic life, if they were detained against their will. He assured his father that they would feel twice as much desire to return home, after they had roved about for a time ; described Julie's longing to see all the magnificence of the Stockholm world, which Gustavus had depicted to her in glowing colours ; spoke of it as something quite natural to her disposition, and, in fact, could not perceive why any obstacles should be thrown in the way of their journey.

The Captain gratefully pressed his brother-in-law's hand, and the old man had already half given way, when Julie, who sat in the other room, at a sign from her husband came in, and by flattery and entreaties, brought the much disputed affair to a happy termination.

The journey was taken ; the fashionable, gay, and brilliant life which now commenced, pleased Julie uncommonly. The Captain had had the light and delightful house, which one of his old acquaintances had procured for him,

tastefully and expensively furnished. Servants in livery and two pretty maids were ready on the arrival of the young Baroness, with officious submission to attend to her slightest command. With a triumphant smile the Baron led his wife through the splendid rooms, and at length remained standing in one, which he had named his wife's boudoir. This was arranged with the most *recherché* taste, which was not to be wondered at, for when Baron von K—— sent the above-mentioned friend a little drawing to show the arrangement of it, he was himself convinced, as at the present moment, that he was desperately in love with his young wife.

With looks beaming with joy, Julie pressed her husband's hand, and thanked him, in a few affectionate words, for his kind attention. But when a few minutes after, he was called away, she supported her head upon her hand and said, casting a glance around her—

“How different life would have been with *him*! and if *he* had loved me, how willingly would I not have given up this splendour and

lived in the poorest dwelling with him! Oh! I may not think of it now; but this Marie!— I shall always envy her! I wish that I could for once escape her persevering image, and fix myself to something else. First of all, I will enjoy all the pleasures which are offered to me, and then when I become more tranquil, I will try to place our domestic life upon such a footing, as will give us both the satisfaction which one seeks for in vain, anywhere but in one's home.”

But the Baroness, led on by her husband's example, in seeking amusement both at home and abroad, soon found herself losing all ideas of the charm of simple domestic life. Julie soon remarked, however, with as much astonishment as grief, that, although the Baron always conducted himself as an attentive husband, still he was no longer the ardent lover, who wished and tried to win a look from no other than from herself; on the contrary, the Baron was never gayer than when he found himself in a circle of fashionable ladies, and the applause which she saw he obtained for his exertions to please them, pierced her heart;

not from jealousy but from vexation, that a married man, who himself possessed a young, beautiful, and amiable wife, should degrade himself so much as to play the part of a butterfly, which flutters from flower to flower. She did not consider that the Baron's nature was so far different from that of the butterfly, that whilst it, during winter, retires into its chrysalis, he remained the whole year through a butterfly, and even during the first months of his marriage, could not refrain from his old habit of looking upon the female ornaments of the drawing room as a rich field for his conquests.

She had discovered that he sometimes resigned to others the trouble of paying her those little attentions, which she had flattered herself would always come from him. When Julie gently reproached him for this want of tenderness on his part, he answered with a light jest—

“ My treasure ! Such fancies will always trouble you, as long as you form your notions of happy married life upon romantic visions. You must give up these silly ideas,—they may

suit the country, but will decidedly not do anywhere else. Look around you in the elegant world ! there it is not necessary that a lady should have her husband dangling after her whenever she leaves the house, or that he should sit at home and keep guard when she has company."

As Julie very well understood that the *real* meaning of this was, that the Captain wished unlimited freedom for himself, she remained silent. Had not her pride been unspeakably wounded, she would doubtless have burst into tears, at the conviction that her husband's heart was quite cold towards her ; and that he did not possess a spark of the feelings to which he had lately pretended and upon which she had rested her hopes of being happy, when they were a little more quiet, and she should be better able to appreciate and sympathize with them.

Unfortunately the Captain's claims upon her regard were so small, that it was only too easy to satisfy them ; for how would he have taken the trouble to reflect whether it was from love, wounded vanity, or any other cause, that

Julie was so changeable in her behaviour towards him? He was of the opinion that this was natural to a woman, and did not trouble himself about it. When she was cheerful he was gay and lively; when unkind, he went his way and sought amusement elsewhere. Once when she wept he said sneeringly, "that spoils your eyes, dear Julie! and tears never make any effect except on the stage!" In a word, he was always calm and friendly, but to cause him a moment's pain, or create a feeling of sympathy, were beyond her power; and poor Julie, deeply hurt by his polite coldness, fled to the solitude of her boudoir; this alone was a witness of her sorrow and her thousands of tears.

She spent a winter in a continual round of gaiety, without having enjoyed one single happy hour, unless those be counted as such in which her vanity had found satisfaction in the homage of various admirers, and which hours of transitory pleasure always left an unspeakable void. After this first winter, which she had passed in a world strange to her, she longed for spring and her beloved



home, they therefore returned with the butterflies to Knapergaard.

Mr. St. Hal was extremely delighted to see his children again, and to hear Julie's apparent happiness confirmed from her own lips ; for she was too proud to acknowledge the truth, and sometimes when she was subject to the powerful influence of her vanity, it appeared to herself that she would prefer her own brilliant, although desolate life, to the monotonous solitude, which according to her ideas, was the lot of Gustavus and Caroline. Added to this, the Baron, who at this moment had nobody else to whom he could offer his homage, actually paid his court to his own wife, and treated her with the greatest attention ; for Caroline never could bear him of old. Besides, Gustavus was not inclined to suffer more than the indispensably necessary civility towards his wife ; and Mrs. Klein was always inaccessible to the Baron's most refined gallantry.

Julie lived in great retirement during the whole summer, and almost always declined, in a cold proud manner, Waldemar's and

Marie's invitations to come to Brünkenäs, and when they visited Knapergaard, she usually said she was unwell, and confined herself to her chamber. The Captain was very angry at this ; but as Julie found herself in a situation which generally serves as an excuse for a great many whims, he supposed that all women at this time must have a dislike to certain persons, and a particular taste for tears and solitude. Nobody contradicted him and he was perfectly happy, especially as Julie's father became every day more friendly towards him ; for the Baron divided his time between his wife and his father-in-law. He would wander for hours arm-in-arm with the old man, when the gout left him in peace, over the estate ; and showed the greatest attention to things which were otherwise disagreeable to him, such as clover fields, forest firs, &c., &c., &c.

At the end of the summer, Julie presented her husband with a daughter. But as the Baron became every day more convinced, to his astonishment, that no important change had taken place in her humour, he thought that the country did not agree with

her, and the proposition to return to the capital early in the autumn was again brought on the tapis. All his father-in-law's representations availed nothing, the Captain politely held his peace ; but Julie gave her father no rest until he had yielded his consent. He therefore again replenished his son-in-law's purse, exhorted him in a fatherly manner not to live so extravagantly, and with the promise to return again next year, they set off for Stockholm.

This winter passed very much like the last. The Baron who relied upon the favour in which he stood with his father-in-law, gave dinners and balls, and rejoiced at the host of admirers who crowded round Julie.

Her triumph was his ; and far from being jealous, he encouraged her vanity, which gave him a reason for greater liberty in his own way of acting. It was more to his interest now than formerly, to see her gay and happy, for he had a particular motive for wishing to escape her close observation, and he believed this could best be done by turning her thoughts

into another direction, and by shewing her when they were alone at home the greatest attention.

The affair was this—that about this time the Baron began to pay his addresses very assiduously to a certain widow, who on account of her beauty and her brilliant circle, was well known. Card playing constituted one of the chief amusements at her house. The Baron almost always took a share in her card-parties, and Julie observed with apparent indifference and calmness, but with fearful inward grief, that he could lose large sums with the sweetest politeness and heedlessness.

At the commencement of Spring, when old Mr. St. Hal had sent the travelling-money, and the Baron and his wife had begun to prepare for their summer trip, it became known that Mrs. von T——, who also was going to return about this time to her property in East Gothland, intended to give a farewell ball to her friends upon her birthday, a few days before her departure.

For some time previous to this, Julie had not felt herself well ; violent pains in her chest

often reminded her of her mother's early death; but as yet they were not of great importance, and the horror of death was forgotten in the charm of life. However, just on the day the ball was to take place, she found herself much worse than usual.

## CHAPTER XX.

CONTINUATION OF THE ABOVE.

BARON VON K—— and his wife dined together alone. Immediately after dinner, Julie said to her husband—

“I am afraid I cannot go to Mrs. von T——’s ball this evening. My old pains are much worse to-day, and it grieves me, my dear Ernst, that you must deny yourself this pleasure, to keep company with a sick wife.”

“Ah! my angel, do not say so,” replied the Captain, “we will immediately send for your doctor, and then you can hear from him that they are not dangerous; the ball will revive you, and to-morrow you will be quite well again.”



“I thought,” answered Julie, not without sorrow, “that I could myself judge of my illness. But it does not follow that you should remain at home if you yourself do not wish it.”

“Really, my dear Julie, if you cannot accompany me, it will be a dreadful bore for me to go there ; but unfortunately I have given my word to be there rather early, to lend my assistance in arranging some *tableaux vivans*, for some of Mrs. von T——’s friends have decided among themselves to surprise the hostess with them before the ball.”

“In that case you certainly must not be prevented,” replied the Baroness ; “I have little Hortense to be my companion,” and she hid her glowing cheeks amidst the child’s curling hair.

“Oh, we will hope, my treasure,” said the Captain, “that you will feel better by the evening. Should this not happen, and you cannot go, I shall leave the party when the dancing begins, for then my aid will no longer be required.”

After the Baron had gone, Julie felt a sin-

gular and irresistible desire likewise to go to the ball, and as she became more and more unwell, she endeavoured by various occupations to suppress the foolish wish, but it was all in vain. Neither the sweet prattling of her little daughter, nor her reason, could detain her, for vanity whispered constantly in her ear, that the world might find out that Captain von K—— had been indifferent enough to go to a ball while his wife was lying ill at home.

She therefore determined on going, and proceeded to make her toilet. After this was finished with care, and the carriage had driven up, she looked once more at her splendid figure in a mirror. With the exception of an unusual paleness, she was perfectly contented with herself. A scornful bitter smile, however, played for a few minutes upon her beautiful features, as she cast her eyes on the splendid ornaments which she wore on her neck and arms.

“Under this cold jewellery,” said she, pushing aside from her breast a diamond cross which she had received from her father

on her wedding day, "beats an empty joyless heart. Oh! Waldemar," sighed she softly, "you disdained it and now all is past . . . I must have diversion—Yes, diversion, in order to escape from my own company."

Hereupon, she kissed her child, threw a mantle around her, and drove to Mrs. von T——'s house.

Finding herself on her arrival in a very over-excited and irritable state, she did not choose to go immediately to the drawing-room, but desired to be conducted to Mrs. von T——'s private room, where she wished to rest for a short time. A servant threw open the door of the ante-chamber. When the Baroness entered she saw from all around her that it must have been here that the above-mentioned surprise with the tableaux had taken place. No one was to be seen, all the splendours were deserted, and the sounds from the dancing-room plainly indicated that the guests had exchanged one pleasure for another. She opened the door of an inner and smaller room, but the tableau vivant which here met

her view was not very well calculated to calm her previously excited state of mind.

Upon a sofa, opposite the door, sat Mrs. von T—— in a tasteful ball-dress, and before her was the Captain, with one knee bent to the ground, in which position he was taking something she was handing to him, and at the same time, he was pressing her hand ardently to his lips.

Whether this scene would have been prolonged, or changed for one more tender, must remain unknown; for at the noise which Julie made, the Captain hastily arose, and, at the same moment, Mrs. von T—— perceived the Baroness. But this lady was not one of those who allow themselves to be embarrassed or thrown off their guard by unforeseen circumstances; in the most desperate situations she always remained a woman of the world. She rose quickly, went forward with much grace to meet her guest, greeted her courteously, and said quite unaffectedly—

“ You have just come in good time, my dear Baroness! See how I have rewarded your husband,” (she pointed to a bouquet of flowers

which the Captain held in his hand) “he has just received this well-merited token of my gratitude for his ingenious contrivance of the tableaux, and, I must admit that I have found few gentlemen, who, after their entrance into the married state, have shown so much of that chivalrous gallantry which is a man’s chief ornament.”

In the mean time the baron had recovered self-possession enough to treat the affair like Mrs. von T——, as a mere trifle.

“It heightens my triumph that my Julie is a witness of it,” said he with a forced smile, as he fastened the bouquet in the order on his breast. “My wife and I have entered into an agreement between ourselves never to be jealous about trifles. She knows,” added he in a conciliatory manner, as he saw that his jesting tone had no power to change the proud expression of her features, “that *she* is my true and only mistress.”

These words would not have failed to have had the intended effect upon Julie’s chief weakness, had not a somewhat equivocal smile

upon Mrs. von T——'s lips caused her cheeks to glow with anger.

"It appears to me," composedly answered the haughty wife, whom neither bodily pain nor this humiliating scene could bow down, "that we have wasted too many words upon such an insignificant matter. The Baron's politeness is too well known to be looked upon as anything else, than the expression of a homage, which gentlemen in general offer to beauty wherever they find it. A flame, my dear madam, which soon extinguishes itself."

She took at the same time, without a symptom of annoyance or displeasure, her husband's arm, and made a movement to pass on to the drawing-room. With a pretty compliment Mrs. von T—— preceded them; and after the Baron had conducted his wife to the seat she wished to take, he pressed her hand gratefully; but as his eyes encountered Julie's he cast them down, perhaps, for the first time in his life, and hastened away.

From the orchestra were now heard the



alluring sounds of a delightful waltz. The Baroness von K—— was immediately engaged by her husband's friend and her own passionate admirer, Lieutenant Sterner; at least he was the only one who could flatter himself that he was, although very slightly, preferred by her. But this preference was only founded on Lieutenant Sterner's agreeable conversation, his tact in society, his feeling for everything noble and beautiful, his attentive behaviour, so free from all conceit; and, lastly, upon his warm sympathy in her silent sorrow, which, she knew not why, he seemed to suspect.

All this combined made him always welcome to Julie. She now rushed into the whirling waltz, happy to be able to escape her own stormy feelings and the troublesome remarks of her neighbours. Sterner, however, immediately observed her extraordinary paleness, and asked her after the first round—

“Do you feel unwell? Perhaps you would like to stop?”

“Certainly not,” replied she, hastily, “I love waltzing, and am not tired.”

And away she hurried again, with breathless velocity through the room. After a few more turns, he again said, looking into her eyes with sincere sympathy—

“You certainly are not well, dear madam!”

“Oh, yes, perfectly!” said she, with a slight degree of impatience, and they waltzed on again, until the Baroness sank down insensible and was borne in Sterner’s powerful arms to the next room, when a violent hemorrhage made the surrounding crowd tremble for the life of the beautiful young woman.

The Doctor was sent for, and the Baron was inconsolable. She was conveyed home with great care, and in the course of a few days recovered so far, that she was able to leave her bed, and could listen to the Baron’s tender protestations of love and constancy; at the same time he cursed Sterner’s thoughtlessness, which by the foolish waltz, perhaps in consequence of too ardent feelings, had thrown his beloved wife into this helpless state.

Julie answered, quietly shaking her head—

“Lieutenant Sterner is innocent of this, *that* you, yourself, know. Do not accuse the noble

youth of feelings which are quite foreign to his upright mind. In his warm heart dwells no deceit, and as to thoughtlessness, he is, as far as I can judge, a pattern of the contrary, not only to young men in general, but, also to many married men."

After listening to these words the Captain became still more exasperated against this really innocent person, and obstinately insisted that he was the cause of the whole mischief. Besides this the Captain hinted that he knew much more than either Julie or Sterner imagined.

As his wife, on hearing these slanderous insinuations, remained silent from astonishment and vexation, the Baron began to think that there might probably be some truth in them, although he had merely thrown out these hints that he might not stand alone in the shade by the affair which he had commenced at the ball. Now, however, he changed his plan; for could Julie remain silent if she were quite innocent? In the Baron's opinion this was impossible. His vengeance fell, in an unfortunate hour, upon Sterner, whom he insulted before a

large party of friends, to such a degree, that, although at the commencement of the Captain's offensive violence, Sterner had remained calm and quiet, he was at length obliged, at this public attack upon his honour, to take his leave.

On the same day that the Captain was at the above-named party, a few weeks after Mrs. von T——'s ball, a letter with a black seal came, during his absence, for the Baron. Julie, who recognized Brink's handwriting, and who trembled at the significant black messenger, quickly broke the seal, saw that the letter brought the intelligence of her father's death, and sank fainting to the ground.

Before the Baron returned home another blood-vessel had broken; the physician shook his head doubtfully. But once again, nature and art combined conquered. Again she recovered; but the roses had flown for ever from her cheeks, the vivacity from her disposition, and the last glimmering of a happy future from her half-benumbed heart. It was only in the smiles of her little daughter that

she found compensation for all that she had daily to struggle with, and to suffer.

Shortly after the arrival of the sad intelligence, the Captain set off alone for Knapergaard, in order to make the necessary arrangements with his brother-in-law. By Julie's express desire, the Baron selected Brink to conduct his affairs until the property which fell to him could be turned into money. This however could not be so easily effected, and Brink assured the Baron that at least a couple of years would elapse before the business could be settled according to his wishes. The Captain therefore soon travelled back to Stockholm, where he found his wife in the same weak condition in which he had left her.

With great expense, and very little benefit, springs and baths were visited; she remained in the same state, constantly sickly, and dead to the joys and pleasures of outward life.

A half-a-year later Brink, who had always carried on a correspondence with her, received the following lines from her—

“Your wish, dear Brink, I would, Heaven knows, willingly fulfil, if not for my sake

still for that of my daughter; but one might just as well try to confine a stream of water by a little piece of board, as by entreaties and representations to stop the course of K——’s incredible extravagance. No, they have no effect, except now and then producing exactly the contrary to what is desired.

“Since my father’s death, and since my husband has taken possession of a considerable part of my inheritance, he considers all economy as unnecessary. I have discovered, during our late journeys to the baths, that he is passionately fond of gambling. At first he tried to hide this from me; but now he puts just as little restraint upon himself in this as in other things, which have continued to undermine my peace and my health—the latter never very robust.

“What will become of my Hortense? If I could only see my dear Knapergaard once again! There, where I have enjoyed the happiest hours of my wasted life, I would wish to die—but however His will be done who directs our destiny for the best! As a husband, von K—— is always good and at-



tentive in his way, in our domestic life; but he cannot help it that our hearts are not cast in the same mould. And in truth, Brink, you, my only sincere and upright friend, you know that my own disposition and heart are not such as to make any one happy. My life has been one constant struggle between the different predominating elements of nature. It might have been otherwise—but it is very well as it is—for *he* is happy, and that is enough.

“But I return again to my former subject. How I tremble at your words that if my husband continues this extravagant life, the landed property itself will not be sufficient to maintain us for even a few more years! This is very hard; yes, dreadful! To speak to him is useless; but, dear Brink, delay the sale as long as it is possible. Who knows how much longer my physical life may yet last! I shall assuredly not live to see the autumn, and in spring we will talk it over—for I will die in my beloved Knapergaard. How often has my heart been like to break when I have reflected upon von K——’s impatience and

ingratitude; and then my poor child!—my only sweet comfort in these long painful hours! How much I wish then, that you, Mr. Brink—as once in earlier days—could sit by me, and shorten the time by reading to me! I have no one to brighten the slowly passing minutes. Oh! how much I miss the society of the noble, high-minded Sterner! You know him by my descriptions, and by all that has passed between von K—— and him. May God forgive von K—— his faults, as surely as I know that Sterner does! He has now been abroad for more than a year and a half.

“But—I had almost forgotten to congratulate you upon the recent changes which have taken place in your life—however you know and feel that no one can be more interested in your happiness than I. And I have a proof that this will be real and lasting in your noble mind and your—to me, well-known—heart, which in life’s storms will be the oak round which the weak tendrils may twine. But Brink!—yet I need not beg this of you—He who, for many years past has possessed my unlimited confidence will not permit

strange eyes to look over the changeable page of this register of my life. I should wish for the remainder of my numbered days that Gustavus and Caroline did not suspect the real pain of my existence. They have always judged me wrongly, and they shall never know—promise me this, Brink!—not even when this heart is grown cold—how warmly it *once* beat. Alas! soon it will freeze in the withered bosom; then it will be all over—past!

“Farewell, dear excellent friend! This letter is assuredly the last that you will receive from me. If I do not come in spring—then remember my request! Do all you can for Hortense, and be to her what you always were to your

“Grateful friend,

“JULIE VON K——.”

This letter written a few months before our relation recommences, gave but a feeble sketch of the real state of affairs.

The Baron had, not only at the visit to the baths, but also during the winter at Stockholm,

renewed his gallant attentions to Mrs. von T——. Poor Julie, ill, pale, and suffering, was now nothing more to him than an object of his pity, and sometimes the victim of his bad temper. The little boudoir, once so charming, was now consecrated to the use of a fading invalid and the art of *Æsculapius*; and the beautiful, lively, and much-admired Julia St. Hal here struggled, almost alone, through the long and painful contest between life and death.

The gloomy darkened sick chamber was but little suited to the Captain, and his wife had more than sufficient time to reflect upon the very great change in his behaviour. He generally visited her in the morning, but then he was always out of humour from the losses which he had suffered at cards the day before, and consequently was little adapted to afford an invalid a happy or soothing hour.

His conversation at these morning visits was generally limited to the following questions—

“Good morning, my treasure! How do you feel to-day?”

Julie answered gently and kindly exactly how she was.

“You will never get well, Julie, as long as you lead this lonely life. I think it would enliven you if you would drive to the opera this evening.”

“Oh no, my dear,” replied she, “my strength and still more so my thoughts, which must be directed to something else, will not permit this.”

“Pooh! what whims! I am sure I do not see why, since you can go backward and forward between your bedroom and this place, which is tainted with the nauseous effluvia of medicine, you should not be able to betake yourself to the drawing-room, and there receive company. Believe me, my dear, here the air alone is enough to suffocate you.”

“I thank you, Ernst, I know you mean it well; but I will reserve my strength, so as to be able to travel to Knapergaard in the spring. You know that is my sole desire.”

“Well, that is very natural my sweetest; we will hope, that it may be fulfilled. At present, however, you must excuse me, my

angel ! I have an engagement for this afternoon and this evening ;” and nodding to his wife, the Baron danced round the room with his little daughter, and then hastened away to more congenial society.

Thus day after day passed. The Baron’s visits to his wife’s sick-room became more and more rare. Julie never complained ; she suffered, and was silent. But I will not tire the reader with a description of the deplorable course of her daily increasing illness. Each day death fixed its stamp more firmly on the pale, delicate, features. In the same degree her soul resigned itself, and appeared preparing for its approaching flight. It was only the fulfilment of a single wish, which seemed to prevent the union between the terrestrial and the celestial.



## CHAPTER XXI.

## A FAMILY SCENE—MEETING—AND CONCLUSION.

ONE morning in the middle of May 1832, in the well-known large corner house of the market-place in W——, might be observed, a more active commotion than usual.

Mrs. von Horst and Mrs. Walberg sat at one corner of the still untouched breakfast table, with their heads clapped together in an evidently secret and important consultation. The snuff-box was industriously offered backwards and forwards, and with a contented smile, Mrs. von Horst said, as with a knife in one hand and a basket of apples to be pared in the other, she was about to withdraw—

“That will be very pretty, good Mrs. Walberg ; only Marie must know nothing of it.”

“Oh there’s no danger of that, madam, if everything happens as I have said,” answered Mrs. Walberg, following the lady, and chatting away. “Your ladyship will invite her to take coffee with you ; and at eight o’clock we shall have everything in readiness in the drawing-room. The Doctor has gone out to consult with some of those who have been let into the secret ; and yesterday evening I saw, in the counting room, a half a score of the neatest dresses and masks, which are to be used by some young gentlemen, in order to perform a particular comedy. Well, well ! we have no time to talk any longer about it. Your ladyship may believe that I have my hands quite full, and the old gentleman has himself undertaken to stay with the young lady, so that she should not come down.”

In another part of the house, in a large, and one might almost say, elegant apartment, although different articles of common use shewed that it was not in reality one of the

reception rooms, sat Mr. Billing, in the corner of a sofa, and applied himself, first to his pipe and then to a cup of coffee, while he eagerly read the newspapers. A lively boy, with golden hair, rode up and down the floor upon Grandpapa Billing's stick ; and in another corner of the room, stood a tiny carriage, in which a little girl was sleeping, with a doll in her arms as large as herself.

Before the great modern mirror stood a young lady, who seemed, with much satisfaction, to be arranging her hair, under an extremely tasteful white silk bonnet, which the large bandbox with the Copenhagen stamp, that stood near, indicated was being tried on for the first time.

The Parisian flowers on the pretty bonnet were not fresher than those upon young Mrs. Klein's cheeks, as she observed through the glass, that her husband had quietly slipped in, and held in one hand an open letter, whilst with the other he turned her face round to him, and contemplated her with an expression of proud delight.

"Ah ; my good Waldemar," said she, with

the sweetest smile, "how attentive and kind you always are ! When I awoke, I was so sorry to hear from our worthy Mrs. Walberg—who, by the way, has given herself a great deal too much trouble about my coffee to day—that you had been called away to visit some sick persons very early in the morning. I therefore betook myself here to greet our good uncle, and to play with the children, when I perceived the box, which was addressed to me, and quickly opened it ; and now I am occupied, as you see, in trying how the contents become me. What do you think, Waldemar ? Is the bonnet not beautiful ?"

"Very beautiful, and very becoming," answered the Doctor, regarding his amiable wife with cheerful admiration. "I assure you, that if you go to Brünkenäs this year you will excite the envy of all the country ladies."

"Yes, I am indeed to be envied," said she, gaily, pressing her husband's hand ; "but don't think, dear Waldemar, that I am so childish as to wish to be envied on account of an article of dress, although I am very much pleased with this, as it comes from you."

"That I also believe," said the Doctor, joking; "my little wife will only be envied for her own charms, not for that which the politeness of her husband lends her."

"Now you are extremely unkind, Waldemar. Don't you think so, dear uncle?"

"Yes, very unkind, dear Marie," said Mr. Billing, getting up. "To charge you with such a fault, is really more than he can answer for, particularly if he also, like myself, had been sitting for a whole quarter of an hour in my sofa corner unnoticed, whilst you were occupied there with your new bonnet. Well, Marie dear! don't blush; you are one of Eve's daughters; however, in all respects, you are one of the best of them. Therefore you may even become a little more vain, without being ashamed of it."

"Yes, yes, my dear Marie," cried the Doctor, laughing, "you have now fallen from the frying-pan into the fire. However, to console you, I will frankly confess that I like to see a slight degree of vanity in you, for that shows, notwithstanding all your many good and amiable qualities, that you are,

nevertheless, a woman. And a saint I have never admired."

"Well, the matter is therefore arranged to the satisfaction of the gentlemen," said Marie, laughing. "But now I confess of my own free will, that I have inherited yet another fault from our good ancestress, namely, curiosity; therefore, my dear Waldemar, will you let me know what that open letter contains, which you hold in your hand?"

"Ah! how could I have forgotten this agreeable news! Your bonnet, and our remarks upon it, must bear the blame; and yet this letter contains the most pleasant and welcome surprise for your birthday. Guess, Marie!" He held the letter high above his head.

"No, indeed, I cannot imagine what it is! The letter surely does not come from Knapergaard? Oh, tell me, tell me! I begin to have a happy suspicion of its contents."

"Yes, it is indeed from thence. Here on the margin of the letter are two lines from Gustavus himself, who, I think is half crazy with joy. The rest is from Brink, and runs thus—"



Klein unfolded the letter, and read aloud,

“Dear Doctor!

“I hasten to communicate to you and your amiable wife, that the much feared period, for which we wished you here, has quite happily, and unexpectedly passed over. To-day, the thirteenth of May, at one o’clock in the morning Mrs. St. Hal presented her husband with two fine healthy sons; and she, and the children, are going on as well as one can expect under existing circumstances.

“As to Gustavus’s joy—I can only say that it is not like that of any other man—I tell you in confidence that he has almost squeezed my hands to a jelly. He begs me to say that the christening will not take place until you all arrive here, which he hopes will be as soon as possible after you receive this news.”

Mr. Billing immediately ordered champagne, and they drank several glasses to the honour of the little strangers, and chatted eagerly about the hasty preparations which must be

made for the journey. Mrs. von Horst had already appeared, according to arrangements, to invite her daughter to take a cup of coffee in the afternoon, and the Doctor, Mr. Billing, the clerks, and Mrs. Walberg, were so much occupied in the lower story with the secret preparation for the grand fête, which was to be a surprise to Marie in the evening, that it was almost three o'clock before they sat down to dinner. As every one was in a hurry, and wished to satisfy their appetites as quickly as possible, they were all quite silent.

A modern travelling carriage now drove past the windows.

"Strangers in our good town," said Mr. Billing, casting a careless glance at the conveyance.

"Some traveller who is probably only passing through," said Klein, not even looking at it.

"Allow me, dear mamma," continued he, turning to Mrs. von Horst, "to offer you some of this excellent hare?"

"No, thank you, my son; I shall confine myself to the chicken, which my old friend is

carving. May I beg you for a wing, my dear Sir? We old people do best, I think, to keep to the tame species."

"Quite right dear Madam! Through the whole of my life I have never liked game, but, notwithstanding," said the merchant, smiling, and glancing at his young clerks, "there are sportsmen enough in my house."

As old Billing very seldom made jokes, every one laughed at his sally against the young gentlemen, when suddenly a hurried knocking at the door was heard.

"Come in," cried Waldemar, and a servant in livery opened the door, and asked for Doctor Klein.

"I am he ; what do you wish?"

"The Baroness von K——, who has just arrived in the town, sends to beg the Doctor to be so good as to visit her immediately, as she feels herself very unwell after her journey."

Even before the servant had quite finished speaking, Doctor Klein had risen from table ; he instantly took his hat and stick, and prepared to hasten to the hotel. Marie called to him—

“ If it be possible, dear Waldemar, bring her here ! ”

The Doctor nodded kindly to his wife, and hurried through the streets. He soon reached the chamber of the Baroness, and paused to take breath for a moment before entering it. He trembled both from pain and pleasure at the thoughts of seeing poor Julie again. He certainly had never loved her, but they had once stood in such relations towards each other as made it impossible for him to look upon her with indifference. Besides he had heard that she was ill and unhappy, which formed further claims upon Doctor Klein's warm and sympathizing heart.

He at length took courage, opened the door, and soon stood before a sofa, upon which the shadow of the former Julie St. Hal, reclined, supported by some cushions.

The Doctor stepped back a few paces, struck with astonishment.

She smiled, and extended to him her delicate transparent hand, which was so thin, that every vein shone through.

“ You are alarmed, dear Waldemar, to see

me in such a condition. You have still, I perceive, some feeling for me, which speaks in your pitying glance."

"Julie, can you doubt it," whispered this, to her, dear and well-known voice. "A more sincere friend you have never had. But, in heaven's name, tell me, how is it possible that you, in your present weak state, are alone and travelling? Where is your husband?"

"Gone to the military meeting at ———. He accompanied me to L——, where he will be detained a couple of days upon business; and as I knew that you had not yet set off for Brünkenäs, I took this little round, by K.'s express wish, so as to have your escort for the rest of the way."

"Do not speak so much! You must surely feel worse than usual?"

"I am very much fatigued and faint from the journey—nothing more."

"Dear Julie, why did you drive to the hotel, as you might have been convinced how much pleasure it would have given me, my wife, and all of us to have shewn you every

attention. If your strength will permit, we will make a change this very evening."

"Not any more to-day, dear Waldemar ; I am not equal to it. Do you see, it is not practicable," said she, and her head sunk down feebly upon the cushions.

She pointed to some drops which were in a phial near ; after she had swallowed some, she appeared rather better. Waldemar sighed, and regarded the painful expression of the once beautiful and proud features, with sincere sympathy.

"I must nevertheless die," said she, and a melancholy smile passed over her pale lips. "Oh, Waldemar, when we stand on the verge of the grave, how perfectly different life and its frivolous cares appear to us then than they did before ! At present, as I feel myself no longer bound by the disagreeable rules of the world, you must tell me what has never been clear to me. Did you love Marie before me, or have you never entertained a warmer feeling than that of friendship for me ? Why—why—oh why, then, did you desire my hand ?"

Klein found himself in the most painful



embarrassment at this unexpected question. A sincere answer, he feared, would shake her too much, an evasive one he did not dare to give.

“Dear Julie,” said he, in a low and agitated voice, “do not trouble yourself with the past. You are really too much——”

“Hush, hush!” interrupted she, “No subterfuge! *I will* know it now, for soon I shall not be able to hear you——”

She nodded impatiently for him to answer.

“Well then, Julie, if you insist upon it I suppose I must. I never knew”—his voice trembled—“real love before I became acquainted with Marie, and I was just about to request her hand when my father sent for me home, and I learned on his death-bed, and before I found an opportunity of explaining myself, that he had, without my knowledge, asked your and your father’s consent to a union between us. I listened to it; for I could not offend my father, or affront you so deeply. But believe me, Julie, had our marriage ever taken place, you should never have

learned this, for I had solemnly sworn to make you happy."

Julie cast a look of unspeakable grief at Klein.

" You have never loved me, then ! Ah ! I perceived it well ! Waldemar ! Waldemar ! What a cruel game our fathers played with us ! *You* have reached in safety the wished for haven—I, during my short pilgrimage, have wandered like a restless fugitive, from the terrestrial Eden, to the solitary desert, which we call earth. Lonely, always lonely—and thus I now go to my long rest after this short but wearisome journey."

" Oh, Julie, dearest friend, do not torment me so cruelly !" cried Waldemar—" You know I would willingly have fulfilled my duty ; I would have endeavoured to have forgotten Marie, and in the possession of your heart, and in the foundation of your happiness, my own would, little by little, have followed. You, yourself, broke our engagement by your apparently decided preference for von K—— "

" I did so, Waldemar, because my wounded

feelings, (which unceasingly placed before me your measured calmness, nay, your coldness and want of affection, so opposite to what I wished and expected) and my bad genius—vanity—deluded me with the hope that I should find compensation in rank and gaiety, for the most beautiful gift which heaven presents to the children of this earth, namely, reciprocal love in domestic life, which I might not enjoy. Long, long after that, I perceived my mistake, and have borne my fate without murmuring. I had only one wish, God has fulfilled it. I have seen you again. You will be with me at the hour of my death, and will be a father to my Hortense. Will you promise me this? I have now nothing more to beg of you.”

Large tears fell from Waldemar's eyes upon the hand which he held in his.

“Oh, Julie, you departing angel! forgive me the pain which I have unconsciously caused you! Take with you, into your blessed home, this vow which I here make, to love and cherish your daughter as long as a thought dwells in

my soul, or a feeling in my heart. This sacred pledge of your confidence I will one day restore to you there, where terrestrial and celestial love blend into one eternal flame, which, clear and pure, will unite all who are separated here below."

A smile full of heavenly peace spread over Julie's pale countenance.

"Now I am happy and resigned," whispered she softly. "All will soon be over. Send for your Marie and let the servant bring in my little Hortense."

These arrangements occupied only a few minutes; but how shocked was Klein when he returned! She had coughed once or twice, and a clear stream of blood was flowing from her mouth.

For many minutes she gave no signs of life, but at length Waldemar's manifold endeavours succeeded in reviving a vestige of the departing spirit. When she opened her eyes, she was perfectly conscious; Marie was sitting on one side, the deepest pain and horror depicted in her eyes, with Julie's little daughter on

her lap ; and Waldemar stood on the other side, in deep emotion, and anxious expectation.

“ Well, it is over,” whispered she softly. “ Marie ! Waldemar ! to your care I intrust the dearest that I possess, my beloved child,— Greet Gustavus and his Caroline !” She paused for some minutes, then continued, “ Comfort von K——, I know that he will mourn for me in his way. Thank Brink for his friendship ; it was very dear to me.”

A deep silence followed, which was only interrupted by Marie’s sobs.

“ Waldemar !” cried Julie suddenly and with force.

He bent down to her ; her looks smiled peacefully towards him. Softly he pressed a kiss upon her dying lips. In this kiss, which united life and death, Julie St. Hal breathed the last sigh of her joyless life.

“ See ! Mamma is gone to sleep,” said the little girl, pulling Marie by the dress. “ Dear strange lady ! do wake her up ; Hortense will not stay alone with you.”

Weeping aloud, Marie pressed the innocent

child to her breast. "Come, dear, and go with me," said she caressingly, "Mamma wishes that you should see some little playfellows."

Klein had risen. With manly self-command he suppressed his emotion, took the tender little plant confided to his care in one arm, offered the other to his tottering wife, and left, with lingering glances, the remains of the dear departed.

---

A week after this sad event, Doctor Klein and his family commenced their journey to Knapergaard. The black hearse which contained the earthly remains of the Baroness von K—— followed at some distance behind them. Brink who had been informed by a messenger on what day the mourning train would arrive, met them half way. His sorrow was as deep and sincere, as it appeared calm and collected.



He persuaded the Doctor to continue the journey more rapidly, whilst he followed their dear friend to the church of S——argd, where she was to be interred.

The funeral was solemn and splendid. In the procession walked the Baron, dressed in the deepest mourning ; but it may be believed that the grief of his frivolous soul limited itself to this outward sign, and that many hearts beat more violently than his, when the first shovel of earth fell with a hollow sound upon the silver plate of the bier, and the beautiful words—

“I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me : Write from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ; even so saith the spirit : for they rest from their labours”—were sung. At the same time the deep tones of the organ pealed forth, and filled every soul with calm holy thoughts. The words, “Peace be with her,” trembled from many hearts.

After a few years Doctor Klein yielded to the persuasions of his brother-in-law, gave up his practice, and removed with his family to

Brünkenäs. He was accompanied thither by Mr. Billing and by his mother-in-law. The former had made over his business to his young clerks, who carried it on still under his name.

Mrs. von Horst cannot to this day cease lamenting that the festivities for her daughter's birth-day, so unhappily prevented, did not take place ; but esteemed and beloved as she is by everyone, she thanks God daily for Marie's continued happiness.

The two families are often together ; and then the old people play cards, and the young ones sit in a friendly circle, and converse about their former sorrows and their present and future joys.

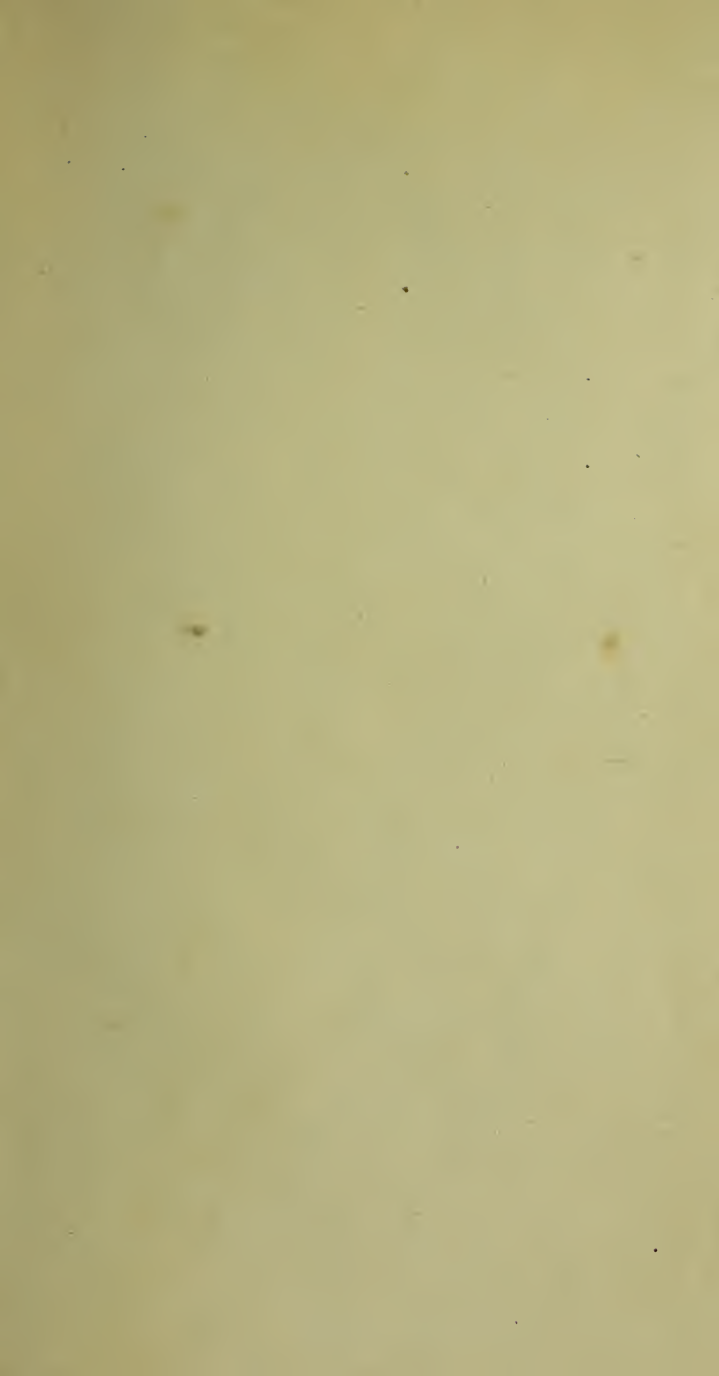
The Baron, who, according to his own declaration, never ceases to mourn his wife, lives unmarried, and every year spends a few months with his relations and friends in the K—— parish : partly to take advantage of the good hunting there, partly to see his daughter, and partly, as report says, to fetch from his brother-in-law's money bags provision for his own, which suffered considerably by the death of his

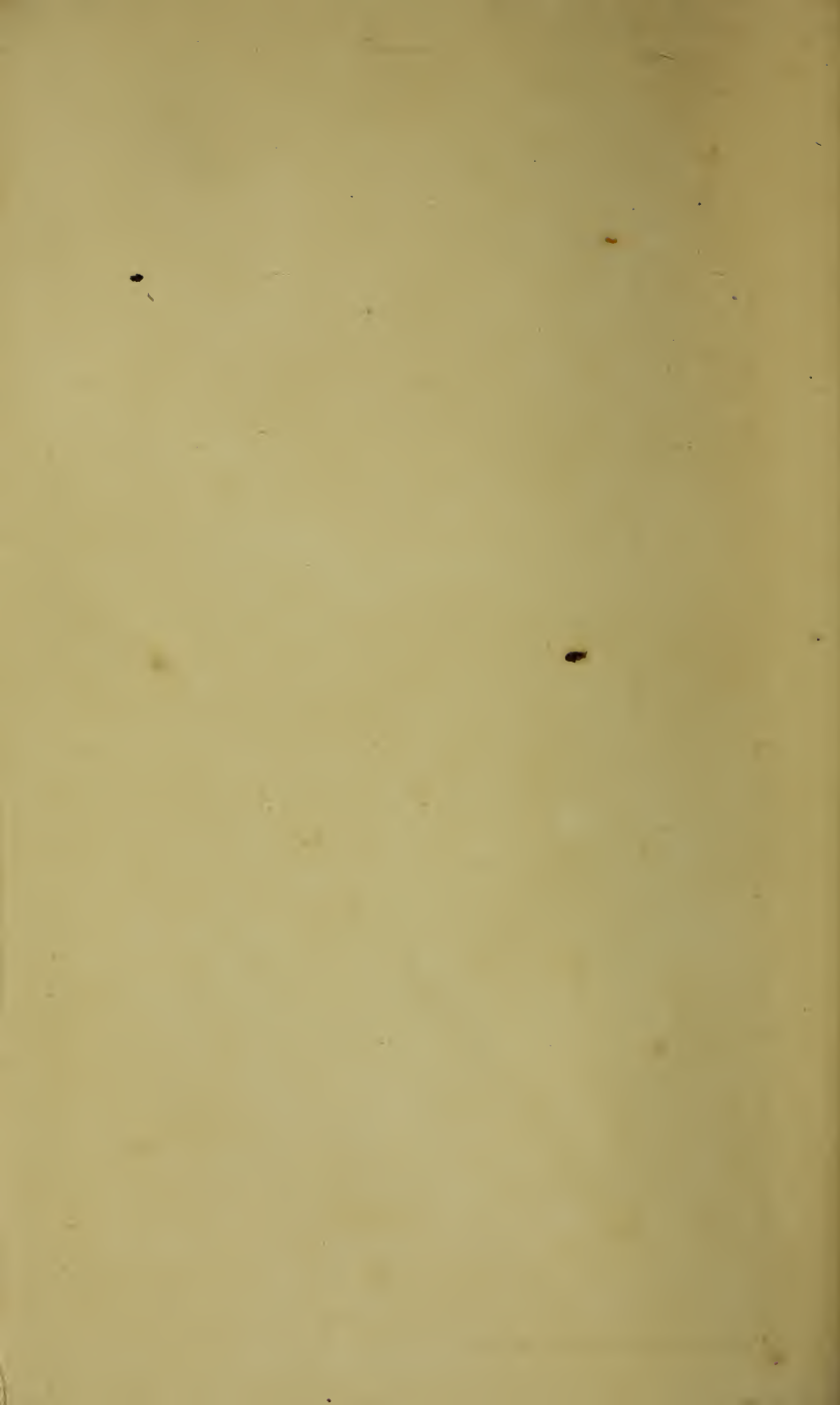
wife, and the surrender of the guardianship of his daughter to Doctor Klein.

Little Hortense lives alternately with the two families, is a favourite with everyone, and promises one day to combine her mother's beauty with the virtues of her aunt and her foster-mother.

THE END.









Indesistly broken

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

839.73 C19J:E C001

Julie or Love and duty /



3 0112 089027616